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## TEMPLE AND WORSHIP.

A STATELY ruin, cold and gray,  
Majestic in its lone decay,  
Bears witness to a bygone day.

Here desolation reigns supreme,  
And, conscious of the mournful theme,  
The very stars refuse their gleam.

The night-wind, wailing like a child,  
Bears to and fro the storm-clouds piled  
In shapes fantastic, weird and wild.

And overhead and underneath,  
Decay sits still with clenched teeth,  
And twines her fatal cypress wreath.

Race after race to dust is hurled,  
While Death, with oriflamme unfurled,  
Still rules the kingdoms of the world.

And higher yet, and ever higher,  
Earth mounts upon her funeral pyre,  
Awaiting heaven's consuming fire.

Her idol-worships, human creeds,  
Suffice not man's immortal needs,  
Far more than this his nature pleads.

Each ruined temple as it stands,  
In classic grove or sterile sands,  
Lifts silent, interceding hands.

A speechless voice from every stone  
Is echoing on their spirits' groan,  
Who dimly worshipped the Unknown.

Nor even yet may man aspire  
To satisfy his soul's desire,  
Since heaven than earth is ever higher.

The shadow of God's hand is laid  
Across the world which he has made,  
And we must worship in that shade.

Earth's myriad temples all at last  
Will vanish in the sacred past,  
While truth outlives the judgment blast.

Eternal worship is the end  
For which man's being doth contend,  
The heaven towards which his hopes ascend.

For God's own presence, shining fair,  
And sending glory everywhere,  
Makes an eternal temple there.

Good Words.

GENEVIEVE IRONS.

FROM the rim it trickles down  
Of the mountain's granite crown  
Clear and cool;  
Keen and eager though it go  
Through your veins with lively flow,  
Yet it knoweth not to reign  
Through the chambers of the brain  
With misrule;

Where dark water-cresses grow  
You will trace its quiet flow,  
With mossy border yellow,  
So mild, and soft, and mellow,  
In its pouring.

With no slimy dregs to trouble  
The brightness of its bubble  
As it threads its silver way  
From the granite shoulders gray  
Of Ben Dorain.

Then down the sloping side  
It will slip with glassy slide  
Gently welling,

Till it gather strength to leap  
With a light and foamy sweep  
To the corrie broad and deep

Proudly swelling;  
Then bends beneath the boulders  
'Neath the shadow of the shoulders

Of the Ben,  
Through a country rough and shaggy,  
So jaggy and so knaggy,  
Full of hummocks and of hunches,  
Full of stumps and tufts and bunches,  
Full of bushes and of rushes,

In the glen,  
Through rich green solitudes,  
And wildly hanging woods,  
With blossom and with bell,  
In rich redundant swell,

And the pride  
Of the mountain daisy there,  
And the forest everywhere  
With the dress and with the air  
Of a bride.

M'INTYRE.

## SHADOWS.

A BURST of golden sunshine,  
A whispering of the leaves,  
A music-ripple on the brook,  
A joy, a wonder in each nook;  
A sweeping shadow o'er the land,  
A flushing of the tree-tops,  
A crimsoning of the lake,  
A peaceful mildness in the air,  
A thought of hidden mysteries there,  
A glorious fading of the sun —  
A summer's day is done.

A joy in childhood's playthings,  
A casting them aside;  
A flash of golden youth-hood's hour,  
When joy breaks through the passing shower;  
A castle-building in the air;  
A cherished hope defeated;  
A smile, a joy, a doubt,  
A gleam, reflected from the past;  
A sigh upon its bosom cast;  
A mystery of a world unknown;  
And then — a soul has flown.

Chambers' Journal.

A. ARMSTRONG.

From The Contemporary Review.  
THE TURNING-POINT OF THE MIDDLE  
AGES.

## PART THE FIRST.

## I.

IN the history of modern Europe, four great events stand out as landmarks upon which the student who desires accurately to explore that great field will do well to fix his earnest attention. The first is the coronation of Charles the Great on Christmas day, A. D. 800; the second the election of Hildebrand to the papal chair on the 22nd of April, 1073; the third, the fall of Constantinople on the 29th of May, 1453; the fourth, the sacking of the Bastille on the 14th of July, 1789. The bestowal of the imperial crown upon the great Frankish monarch by Pope St. Leo III. was the outward visible sign of that new order which had "been made secretly and fashioned beneath in the earth," amid the decay and dissolution of the Roman world: it was the beginning of the Middle Ages. The pontificate of St. Gregory VII. was the turning-point of those ages, determining, in vitally important matters, the course they were to run. The taking of Constantinople by Mohammed II. marks their close; it was this event that by scattering Greek scholars over Italy, contributed more than anything else to the revival of materialism, called the Renaissance, and to all that came therefrom, including the Protestant Reformation, which, in Germany\* at all events, certainly was, in part, a reaction against the new heathenism of humanist popes and prelates. And the passing-bell of the Cæsarism which had arisen upon the ruins of the mediæval order is sounded in the presageful words of the Duke of Liancourt, when announcing to Louis XVI. the capture of the royal fortress and the murder of its little garrison: "Sire, it is not a revolt; it is a revolution." Perhaps of all these great events, the second is that the significance of which is least understood. And yet, certainly, it is by no means the least worthy of careful and exact study. This Europe of this nineteenth century into which we

have been born "is made and moulded of things past." Every death is but a transformation of life. And the mediæval period, dead though it is in one sense, in another and as true a sense is living and working in our midst. The generations pass away; but their doing remains. To borrow a phrase from Buddhism, "We inherit the *karma* of the countless multitudes who have lived and died, who have struggled and suffered, in the long ages of the past."\* And, as I venture to think, by far the most important part of our heritage in this new time is that which has come to us directly from the mediæval period. Of that period the greatest figure, beyond all question, is Hildebrand, and its most momentous struggle the conflict to which he received his supreme consecration upon the day when the papal tiara was set upon his head. Moreover, the great issue in which he bore so masterful a part is still before the world, under other names. The battle yet rages, though waged under different conditions. It is not so long since the foremost of English statesmen made it matter of complaint that the late pontiff had "refurbished the rusty tools" of his predecessors, conspicuous among the ecclesiastical arms thus opprobriously designated being the spiritual weapons of Gregory VII. And, as we all know, the German chancellor has for years been haunted by the bugbear of Canossa. I think, therefore, I may justly claim for my subject the merit of actuality — a quality which, perhaps, may fairly be looked for in a contribution to a review bearing the title of "Contemporary."

So much by way of apology for the topic which I am about to discuss. Let me add that now, perhaps, the time has arrived when, without undue confidence, one may hope to obtain a patient hearing for its discussion. For centuries the memory of Hildebrand lay under reprobation as the very type of insatiable ambition and spiritual pride. Instead of the aureole of sanctity, a kind of diabolical splendor encircled him, and the grim pun, borrowed from the German, whereby he is described in the Anglican Book of

\* See Möhler's *Symbolik*, 5th edition, p. 9.

\* Mr. Rhys Davids' *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 215.

Homilies as "the brand of Hell" did but express the general estimate of him formed alike by Teutonic and English historians. Nor was he judged more favorably in France. "The Church has numbered him among the saints. The wise have numbered him among madmen," \* writes Voltaire. And even among French ecclesiastical writers of authority there are those who have recorded a scarcely more favorable verdict upon him. But Time has at length retried his cause — Time,

which solves all doubt  
By bringing Truth, his glorious daughter, out.

Within the last half-century investigators more thorough, exact, judicial, in a word, scientific, have examined, with most fruitful results, the question what manner of man Hildebrand was, and of what kind his work was. So long ago, indeed, as 1815, Voigt, in his "*Hildebrand als Papst Gregor VII.*," opened out to his astonished countrymen quite a new view of the great pontiff: but it is perhaps to M. Guizot, more than to any one else, that we owe the passing away of the old error from the European mind. It was in 1828 that this illustrious teacher, setting at naught the inveterate Gallican tradition, exhibited Hildebrand to his hearers at the Sorbonne, not in the guise of a reactionary, an obscurantist, a foe of intellectual development and of social progress, but as a reformer alike of the Church and civil society, upon the basis of morality, of justice, of order; as a great constructive genius, who did a work parallel to that of Charlemagne or Peter the Great. It is not easy to over-estimate — and just now the tendency appears to be greatly to underrate — the services which M. Guizot's calm courage, judicial mind, wide learning, and singular power of generalization have rendered to the cause of scientific history. But of all those services none deserves to be more highly valued than the effort made by him to mete out even justice to the heroic champion of the Church, in the great struggle

between the papacy and the Empire. It is, indeed, but a mere sketch which he has given us of the character and actions of Gregory VII. But the outlines are there traced as by a few strokes of a pencil in the hand of a master, and it has been a tolerably easy task for later scholars to complete the picture. The laborious erudition of Germany has placed before the world a mass of authentic documents, among which Jaffé's "*Regesta Pontificum Romanorum*" and "*Monumenta Gregoriana*" deserve especial mention; while Gföerer's massive work, "*Papst Gregorius VII. und sein Zeitalter*," is a perfect treasure-house of learning; and Giesebrecht's "*Geschichte der Deutschen Kaiserzeit*," the production of an author formed in a different school, and written under the influence of other convictions, merits hardly less attention. To France, too, we owe several important contributions to the subject with which I am concerned. It must suffice here to speak briefly of three of them. First, there is M. Mignet's series of articles entitled, "*La Lutte des Papes contre les Empereurs d'Allemagne*," which attracted so much attention when they appeared in the *Journal des Savants*, and in which, whether we assent or dissent, as we read them, we find everywhere tokens of careful research and conscientious thought. Then there are the two brilliant volumes of M. Villemain's "*Histoire de Grégoire VII.*," which, begun so long ago as 1827, were not given to the world until 1873 — two years after the author's death. M. Villemain, we are told by his editor, regarded this work as pre-eminently his contribution to history (*comme son œuvre historique*), and no doubt it is in many respects a very valuable contribution. Nowhere, perhaps, do his characteristic excellences come out more strikingly than in some portions of it — for example, in his description of the death of St. Leo IX., or in his account of the great Countess Matilda — his taste for picturesque details, the vividness and beauty of his coloring, the luminousness and distinctness of his images. But on the other hand, he has great defects. He is no psychologist. He draws from without

\* "L'Eglise dont il fut le vengeur et la victime, l'a mis au nombre des saints. . . . Les sages l'ont mis au nombre des fous." — *Essai sur les Mœurs*.



rather than within. He never loses himself in his subject; he displays little of that self-effacement which allows events to tell their own story. M. Taine has somewhere remarked, with much happiness, that the historian should have in him five or six poets. M. Villemain has but one; and that is a poet after the order of Lucan, not of Virgil—a rhetorician rather than a creator. Then, again, his purely critical faculty cannot be ranked very high. Thus he receives as genuine, apparently without misgiving, the famous "*Dictatus Papa*," the spuriousness of which, pretty generally recognized by the most competent of the earlier critics, has been conclusively established by Giesebrecht; while his introductory discourse on the history of the papacy certainly reveals both a very defective acquaintance with the mass of authorities he cites, and a very imperfect power of appreciating evidence.\*

\* I feel that one ought not to express this opinion without assigning grounds for it. Adequately to do that would require a volume. Here, in a note, I can only adduce one or two examples of the faults which I censure. Thus M. Villemain writes: "Le Concile de Nicée, sous l'inspiration de Constantine, qui voulait que l'Eglise eût des assemblées, mais pas d'autres chefs que lui-même, avait déclaré le patriarche d'Alexandrie égal en honneurs et en privilèges à l'évêque de Rome" (vol. i., p. 47). He is, of course, referring to the sixth canon of the Nicene Council, but it is difficult to believe that he can have read it. That canon merely provides for the maintenance of the ancient custom whereby the great sees of Alexandria and Antioch exercised over the whole civil diocese, the one of Egypt, the other of the East, original jurisdiction, similar to that exercised by the Church of Rome in the West. There is not one syllable in the canon about equality in honors and privileges, and the declaration which the Council made was of nothing new (as M. Villemain implies) but merely of an existing fact. In another place (vol. i., p. 72) M. Villemain quotes a passage from a letter of St. Augustine, in which the saint relates a saying of St. Ambrose: "Cum Romam venio jejuno sabbatis. Cum Mediolani sum non jejuno. Sic enim tu (it is Monica who is addressed) ad quam forte ecclesiam veneris, jejunium morem serva." From this he infers, "l'autorité de la chaire de Milan égalait presque celle de Rome." To show the absurdity of the inference it may be sufficient to say that Cardinal Manning would give of himself in the present day an account as to this matter similar to that given by St. Ambrose. "I abstain from flesh on Saturday when I am in Rome because it is the custom there. I do not abstain on Saturday in England because it is not the English custom." Therefore (according to M. Villemain) the authority of the see of Westminster almost equals that of Rome. Once more. It is not easy to imagine how any one who had really studied the ecclesiastical history of the early Christian centuries could have written the

Another posthumous contribution to the history of Gregory VII. is supplied by the sixth and seventh volumes of M. de Montalembert's "*Moines d'Occident*"—volumes which, left incomplete and unrevised by their illustrious author, are hardly a fair subject for rigorous criticism. Here it must suffice to say of them that they are marked by the same warmth of sympathy, indefatigable industry, and lofty thought which distinguish the earlier portions of his unfinished task, while they cannot be said to be exempt from what has been called the religious romanticism which was, as it would seem, a natural constituent of his beautiful and noble character. Among English writers upon the life and times of Hildebrand, the first place must still, I think, be conceded to the late Mr. Bowden. He has not, indeed, the brilliancy of Dean Milman; but he is far more accurate, and far less under the influence of that tendency to "people past history with phantasms, and color it with lines which belong to our own times"—to borrow a phrase from Milman's distinguished successor—which so greatly mars the work of the historian of "Latin Christianity." Mr. Bowden, indeed, wrote forty years ago, and wrote, too, under the influence of an unhistorical ecclesiastical theory which presented a very specious and winning appearance on paper, and which had not then been tried and found wanting as a fact. This must be remembered when his book is read. But bearing this in mind, and making all proper allowance for it, we may say that still the book merits the praise bestowed upon it by Cardinal Newman when it first appeared, as very

following sentence: "Ouvrez l'histoire de la grande révolution chrétienne, parcourez les monuments originaux des premiers siècles, l'évêché de Rome y remplit d'abord peu de place" (vol. i., p. 2). If any one thing is clear where so much is dark, it is that throughout those ages, although genius was with the Eastern Church, authority was with the Western. "Dès le II<sup>e</sup> siècle, Rome exerça une action décisive sur l'Eglise de Jésus," writes M. Renan (*Conférences d'Angleterre*, p. 12); and the fact is incontestable, whatever explanation we may put upon it. As this brilliant writer elsewhere remarks: "L'esprit qui, en 1870, fera proclamer l'infailibilité du pape, se reconnaît dès la fin du II<sup>e</sup> siècle à des signes déjà reconnaissables." (*Ibid.*, p. 172).

learned and well arranged, as bringing out the facts with great distinctness and perspicuity, as — no slight merit — sending the reader away with a very definite impression upon his mind of what has passed through it.

So much concerning the principal modern authorities upon the life and pontificate of Gregory VII. In what I am about to write, I shall avail myself of them as the occasion demands, as well as of the invaluable collection of Gregory's Epistles\* which has come down to us — invaluable, because it reveals to us, as nothing else could, his real mind — and of the works of writers contemporary with him which present the most vivid and authentic account of his acts and times.

## II.

No adequate appreciation of Hildebrand's work is possible unless we realize the conditions in which it was done. And this is no easy matter, so wide is the difference between the Europe of the eleventh century and the Europe of the nineteenth in many of the things that most largely make up human existence. The thoughts of the men of that age about this life and the next, their social relations, their political organizations, their standard of rights and duties, are as far removed from ours as is their speech, and require the like careful study to become intelligible to us. When Hildebrand was born, somewhere in the second decade of the eleventh century, England, notwithstanding the constructive work of the kings of the line of Egbert, can hardly be said to have been fully welded into a single nation. It was Cnut, the organizer also, in great measure, of the Scandinavian States of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, over which he likewise ruled, whose reign of twenty years, from 1017 to 1035, began among us that definitive work of consolidation, which two centuries of foreign kings, Norman and Angevin, were to carry forward — a work the result of which should be to make "our Britain whole within herself." On the continent of Europe a similar process was taking place. The previous century had witnessed the dissolution of the inheritance

of the great Charles. And now was the time of re-formation. For nearly eighty years after the division of 887, the Holy Roman Empire was "in a kind of abeyance." It was in the second half of the tenth century that it began to shape itself definitely as a German power under the Saxon Otto — the *Regnum Teutonicum*, if I may so speak, its backbone, although the iron crown of Lombardy, imposed at Milan, was a splendid accessory, and the imperial crown bestowed at Rome conferred the prestige of the most sacred and venerable of secular titles, the incommunicable majesty of the Cæsars. France, in the sense which the word conveys to us, as yet was not. The kingdom of the West Franks, Karolingia, had, indeed, begun to receive this name. And it is from the death of Louis le Fainéant, the last of the Carolingians, and the election of the first of the Capets, Hugh, that the beginning of the French State must be traced. But at the date of which I am speaking — the date of Hildebrand's birth — Robert II., who ruled in Paris, reigned directly only over the royal domain, which "took in the greater part of the Isle of France, the territory to which the old name specially clung, and the greater part of the later government of Orleans, besides some outlying fiefs holding directly from the king,"\* while around his territories were grouped the great feudatory dukes and counts of Normandy, Brittany, and Champagne, of Burgundy and Aquitaine, of Toulouse, Gascony, and Flanders. The process of absorption whereby "the King of the Franks" was to add to his own dominions the lands of one great feudatory after another, and to aggrandize them by the acquisition of foreign territory, had not yet begun; indeed, the ruler of the great Norman fief, which, cut off a century before from the duchy of France, extended from the Epte to the sea westwards, was a far more powerful potentate than his royal suzerain, while the Norsemen over whom he ruled, although forgetful of the language, the habits, and the traditions of their pirate ancestors, yet retained those ineradicable characteristics of their race, that restless energy, that enthusiasm for the ideal, that dauntless daring, that "Berserker rage," which were so potently to influence the

\* They may be read, together with his *Diplomata Pontificia*, his *Acta*, as given by the Bollandists including his *Life*, by Paulus Bernriedensis, and other important documents relating to him, in vol. cxlviii. of Migne's "*Patrologia Latina*." Most valuable information about Gregory and his times, let me add, will be found in a form easily accessible, in vol. i. of Watterich's "*Romanorum Pontificum Vitæ ab æqualibus conscriptæ*."

\* Freeman's "*Historical Geography of Europe*," vol. i., p. 330. Although I have the misfortune to differ from Mr. Freeman on some very important points, I gladly bear testimony to the merits of this admirable work, which no student of European history should be without.

course of European history. Spain, like France, was still a thing of the future, only its nucleus existing in the States which had sprung up as the tide of Saracen invasion had receded from the Iberian peninsula. In eastern Europe the monarchy which took its name from the recently converted Slave people who dwelt in the valley of the Vistula — the Polacks, people of the plains — was shaping itself under the great king Boleslas. And Turanian Hungary, which had received the faith about the same time as Poland, was being wrought into a Christian polity by a still more famous monarch — St. Stephen. Of the empire of New Rome, now practically Greek, I need not speak. It lay outside the limits of Latin Christendom, as also did Russia, Greek too in religion and civilization, and hardly as yet accounted a European power.

Such, in the brief outline which alone is possible or, indeed, necessary here, is the aspect which the map of Europe exhibits as the eleventh century opens. Everywhere the new nationalities are struggling into full life, assuming the forms, distinct though inchoate, which they were to present in the modern world. So that we have, in some sort,

The baby figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large.

And as we can now see, with the wisdom easy of attainment after the event, the great question was in what mould these new and plastic nationalities should be cast. One note of the times, which should not be lost sight of, is the singular identity of ideas, of institutions, of habits which prevailed among the various European peoples. Throughout Christendom the public order was substantially of one type. Society was organized upon a definite set of principles; principles as far removed from those upon which the ancient world had rested as from those upon which the modern world is based. The Roman theory of sovereignty, in the shape which it assumed under the emperors, meant the concentration of all power in the hands of one man. The old republican forms, indeed, remained. The nominal authority was still that of the *Senatus populusque Romanus*. Here was the source and fount whence the prerogatives of the ruler were derived. But the shadow of this great name merely furnished the thinnest veil to the supreme irresponsible dictatorship wielded by Cæsar as the perpetual and indefeasible repre-

sentative of the people.\* Nor was the imperial power alone political. It was also religious. It extended into what we know as the domain of conscience. Not only was the emperor, as *pontifex maximus*, the supreme head of all cults; he was also the final arbiter of the moral law, which, as it is needless to say, was quite a separate matter from the worships of pagan antiquity. Nor was his apotheosis a mere idle imagination of servile flattery.

Cælo Tonantem credidimus Jovem  
Regnare : præsens divus habebitur  
Augustus :

sings the poet. But "the present deity" was the real one, in whom men believed and before whom they trembled; and as time went on the Olympian Thunderer became more and more shadowy, until, a century later, the satirist could affirm that only babes believed in him. It is not my purpose here to relate how this great fabric of imperial power fell, crushed out, so to speak, as the spiritual empire of the Christian Church, in which it rightly discerned its irreconcilable foe, rose slowly into ecumenical proportions — like the stone cut without hands, seen in the vision of the Hebrew seer — while the vigorous hordes of barbarians from the forests of Germany beat upon it from without. It fell, and great was the fall of it. But long before its final catastrophe the Church had stripped it of its moral and spiritual authority. To her the *præsens divus* of the Roman poet was no divinity at all, but a type and forerunner of Antichrist — "that man of sin who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God or is worshipped: so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." Even so early as the second century we find Tertullian, with a boldness which it is difficult for us adequately to appreciate, writing, "I pray for the emperor, for his armies, for the security of the empire, for the peace of the world. As to other things I am independent of him. For my Lord is one, the omnipotent and eternal Lord, and the selfsame is his Lord also."† Here is, in few words, the cause for which the martyrs victoriously died. The enfranchisement of the human conscience from secular chains was the gift which, purchased at the price of their

\* So Justinian, *Inst.* i., tit. 3, 6: "Quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem quum lege regia quæ de ejus imperio lata est, populus ei et in eum omne suum imperium et potestatem concessit."

† Apolog.

own blood, they gave unto men. Thus was the State shorn of half its ancient domain. And as the years went on, the new political order, of Teutonic origin, but largely affected by Roman influences, which had arisen and was spread through Europe by the beginning of the eleventh century, completed the work of dissolution by breaking up the unity of civil authority. Charles the Great had dreamed of an imperial realm, in which he as emperor, and the pope as *pontifex maximus*, the first of his prelates, should share the supreme rule that had been concentrated in the hands of earlier Cæsars. His vast design received but an imperfect accomplishment. The new political order was not to be cast into the old mould, nor were the relations of the *sacerdotium* and the *imperium* to be such as Charles had supposed. As one after another of his successors sinks under the weight of the imperial crown, the union between the Empire and the papacy becomes weaker, while everywhere the tendency is to substitute in the secular order a hierarchy of powers for the one supreme direct ruler. The ninth and tenth centuries are the period of a social and political revolution:

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.

That new great world-order was the feudal system, and its dominant note was, if I may use a modern word, positivism.\* The Empire, despotism as it was, yet was avowedly based upon the spiritual power of law, and professedly derived from popular delegation; and so was in itself a confession, however hypocritical, of those rights of the immaterial part of man's nature, the recognition of which is the only true safeguard of individual freedom. Feudalism recognized little else than matter and force. It is of much importance that the true character of feudality should be accurately apprehended. It arose in an age full of violence and confusion, when might was well nigh equivalent to right, when the great idea of law seemed to have perished, and, with law, liberty, of which law is the life. "By liberty," as Bossuet truly says, "the Romans, like the Greeks, meant a state where men were subject only to law, and

where the law was more powerful than men." It is manifest that where the servile maxim prevailed, "*Quidquid principi placuit legis habet vigorem*," liberty thus conceived of was ill-assured. Still, even in the darkest times of antique Cæsarism, the idea of the supremacy of law as the guarantee of personal freedom remained. In feudalism — taken by itself — that idea was wanting. It was a military or materialistic reorganization of society broken into chaotic fragments by the disappearance of the great imperial power. Its tendency was to annihilate individual rights, to shut men up in categories of dependence, to make the arbitrary will of another take the place of "that will which is the norm or rule for all men." M. Taine has observed that voluntary engagement was the only root (*la racine unique*) of the feudal system.\* It is a saying which certainly requires much modification, to bring it into accord with the facts. True it is that "the sphere occupied in them by contract principally distinguishes feudal institutions from the unadulterated usages of primitive tribes." But it is also true that "a fief was an organically complete brotherhood of associates whose proprietary and personal rights were inextricably blended together;" that "it had much in common with an Indian village community, and more in common with a Highland clan;" that "the lord had many of the characteristics of a patriarchal chieftain."† The very essence of the feudal system is that every one was the man of some one else. The good vassal was its highest social type. Inflexible — if I may so speak, canine — fidelity to one's lord was the supreme virtue. It is extremely difficult for us in the present day to realize the all-absorbing closeness of the relation involved in feudal fealty. A book which happens to lie before me as I write — Gower's "*Confessio Amantis*" — may serve to supply an illustration of it before I pass on. The poet tells us that it was "for King Richard's sake" that he wrote: that is, upon a suggestion thrown out by the king:

To whom belongeth my leageaunce  
With all min herte's obeisaunce  
In all that ever a lege man  
Unto his king may don or can.

Such expressions as these, if we really understand them, will avail better than

\* It is necessary "to speak by the book" in making mention of positivism. Let me, therefore, say that I use the word in the sense indicated by M. Littré: "*La philosophie positive est l'ensemble du savoir humain disposé suivant un certain ordre. . . . Mais comment définirons-nous le savoir humain? Nous le définirons l'étude des forces qui appartiennent la matière et des conditions ou lois qui régissent ces forces.*" (Auguste Comte et la Philosophie Positive, p. 42.)

\* "Lorsqu'on considère la société féodale à son origine on s'aperçoit qu'elle a pour racine unique . . . l'engagement volontaire." (Nouveaux Essais de Critique et d'Histoire, p. 200.)

† Maine's Ancient Law, p. 365.

many a ponderous dissertation to reveal to us the true spirit, the *ethos* of feudalism. I do not know that it is too much to say that to a large extent the system was an undoing of the work of so many generations of Roman juriseonsults, and a going back from contract to status as the foundation of civil relations. It was a vast military and territorial aristocracy, in which the ideas of individual freedom and political right had become merged in the relations between lord and vassal. It was, as Professor Stubbs well observes, "a graduated system of jurisdiction based on land tenure, in which every lord judged, commanded, and taxed the class next below him; in which abject slavery formed the lowest, and irresponsible tyranny the highest grade; in which private war, private coinage, and private prisons took the place of the imperial institutions of power."\* And as this learned and careful writer elsewhere remarks: "Land has become the sacramental tie of all public relations. The poor man depends on the rich, not as his chosen patron, but as the owner of the land that he cultivates, the lord of the court to which he does service, the leader whom he is bound to follow to the host."† Such were the main features of the public order which had sprung up upon the ruins of the majestic fabric of Roman polity and Roman law. But to prevent a misapprehension which I should regret, let me point out that I recognize as fully as any one the beneficent work which feudalism had to do in the modern world. While dissenting as widely as possible from the positivist school of historians, I acknowledge a profound truth in the canon that everything which has existed has had its reason for existing. Feudalism was a stern schoolmaster to the new nationalities, coming to them with a rod, and by no means in the spirit of meekness. But its discipline was not less salutary than rude. It was, as M. Thierry somewhere observes, "a necessary revolution," "a natural bond of defence between the lords and the neighboring peasants;" and, guided by religion, it was the instrument of the slow but sure elevation of the peasants. It found them, for the most part, slaves. It led them, through serfdom, to enfranchisement.

For feudality was not the only great fact of the ages which witnessed the rise of the new nationalities. Side by side

with the feudal organization had grown up the great ecclesiastical system by which Europe had been formed into a spiritual commonwealth called Christendom. The principles upon which the Church was based were precisely those which were most urgently needed to correct in the world the evils of feudality. Feudalism tended to the annihilation of the individual. The Church taught, and could not keep from teaching, as her first postulate, the supreme worth of human personality. Feudalism, essentially aristocratic, set the greatest store upon "the glories of our birth and state." The Church maintained the absolute equality of all men, not in secular rights, as the sophists of 1789 feigned, but in their common spiritual nature, in their common dependence upon and accountability to God. The supreme argument of feudalism was the sword. The Church wielded mightier weapons, not carnal but spiritual, the terrors of that divine law, ruling over all, which has its sanctions in man's conscience and instinct of retribution. The highest ideal of feudalism was the loyal and valiant soldier, the *probus miles*. The Church set forward the example of nobler heroes—tender maidens like St. Agnes, slave girls like St. Afra, beggars like St. Alexius,—who "by faith subdued kingdoms, wrought justice . . . out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in war, put to flight the armies of the aliens." Feudalism sternly forbade the individual to break "his birth's invidious bar." The Church proclaimed loudly the doctrine of a career for talents. Her constitution was still largely democratic. The *suffragium de persona*, which the general body of the faithful had, from the earliest times, possessed in the choice of their pastors, however intermittently exercised, yet subsisted as a fact. Her religious houses were so many little republics scattered up and down Europe. Her councils and synods were real deliberative assemblies. Her free institutions were the germ and norm of the civil franchises which were afterwards to spring up. Once more. Feudalism was, by its very nature, disruptive; its tendency to universal war; its practical effect to render *peregrinus* as of old a synonym for *hostis*.\* But as political unity perished from Europe a higher unity developed, and "from the bosom of the most frightful disorder the world has ever seen,

\* Stubbs's Constitutional History, vol. i., pp. 255-6.  
† Ibid., p. 167.

\* "Hostis enim apud majores nostros id dicebatur, quem nunc peregrinum dicimus." (Cicero de Officiis, l. i., c. 12.)



arose the largest and purest idea, perhaps, which ever drew men together — the idea of a spiritual society."\*

Of that society the Roman Church was the centre and head. No period in ecclesiastical history is more worthy of careful and exact study — of much more careful and exact study than it has as yet received — than the period between the death of Charles the Great and the rise of Hildebrand. The immediate effect of the departure of the great Frankish monarch from the scene where he had played so high a part was to add vastly to the authority of the Roman pontiff. Relieved from the shadow of his great name, the Apostolic see grew into a hitherto unknown strength. "Charles," remarks M. Villemain in his rhetorical way, "in decorating the pope with so many titles, had merely wished to raise a gilt statue which should place the imperial crown upon his own head. After Charles, when his empire was ruled with a feeblor hand and divided by factions, the pontifical statue came to life, and wanted to reign."† The similitude is striking, and so, helpful to the imagination. But it must not be pressed too far. M. Villemain certainly underrates the ecumenical jurisdiction the exercise of which by the popes is clearly traceable from the dawn of ecclesiastical history. It is not too much to say that, as in what has been called the "happy anarchy" of the nascent Christian kingdom we trace the rudimentary forms of the polity which was to be, the most salient fact discernible is — to use the phrase of St. Irenæus — the *potentior principalitas* of the Roman see. It is as certain that, "as the Church grew into form, so did the power of the pope develop."‡ We may give what explanation we will of the fact. But no well-instructed scholar will question it. And it is equally beyond question that long before the time of Charles, "the centralizing process by which the see of St. Peter became the sovereign head of Christendom"§ was in all essentials complete. Not the less clear, however, is it that in the half-century from the death of Charles, in 814, to the election of Pope St. Nicholas I., in 858, the nature, extent, and attributes of the papal sovereignty were more clearly, precisely, and universally apprehended. And no one can read the life of

that great ecclesiastical statesman, as we find it in the graphic narrative of his contemporary, Anastasius,\* without feeling that he realized the aim and ideal of the supreme pontificate in a way untrodden by any of his predecessors. His short reign of nine years is the translation into fact of the ecclesiastical system set forth in the decretals of Isidore — documents which, whatever the real history of them, though false in form, are certainly true in substance. And so Neander: "The pseudo-Isidore was, at all events, but the organ of a tendency of the religious and ecclesiastical spirit which prevailed among the great masses of the men among whom he lived. He had no idea of introducing a new code, but only of presenting, in a connected form, the principles which must be recognized by every one as correct, and on which depended the well-being of the Church."†

As a matter of fact, and apart from all theories, the close union thus subsisting between the Roman see and the several churches throughout Europe constituted the true strength of the spirituality, and offered the sole guarantee for its independence. The Church is in the world, and it is impossible for her, in any age, to escape the influence of contemporary events and institutions. And it was the tendency of feudalism, as it is the tendency of every great movement in the public order, to bring all things into subjection unto itself; to bend them into its own mould, or if it cannot so bend them, to break them in pieces as out of harmony with the age and as obstacles to its own development. How nearly feudalism triumphed over the ecclesiastical element in the two centuries between Nicholas I. and Gregory VII., the history of the papacy itself may serve to show. I am well aware that the estimate long current of the saddest portion of that period, the hundred years which closed the first Christian millennium, needs large qualification to make it just. Iron, leaden, dark as that age was, it was the time when the monastic orders were informed by fresh energy and sanctity, and the great Cluniac foundation supplied the norm for the reformed religious life; when the new school of Latin lyric poetry was maturing its laws and developing its capacities, and already giving a foretaste of the glories to come in the strains of sweet singers like Godescalcus and St. Notker; while

\* Guizot, Lec. XII.

† Vol. i., p. 145.

‡ Cardinal Newman's Development of Christian Doctrine, p. 154, ed. 1872.

§ Ibid., p. 155.

\* It will be found in Part I. of the third volume of Muratori's "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores."

† Church History, vol. vi., p. 7, Eng. tr. Bohn.



in architecture it is memorable for the introduction of the acute arch. It was the age of Theodora and Marzoria, but it was also the age of St. Romuald and St. Nilus. It is darkened by the conspicuous badness of many of the pontiffs who disgraced the Apostolic throne,—"They lived for the most part rather like monsters or wild beasts than bishops," is Mabillon's judgment of them,—but it is relieved by the exemplary virtues of others. Against a Stephen VII., guilty of the brutal indecency of dragging the body of a dead predecessor through the streets, may be set such a holy and humble man of heart as Leo VII.; against a John XII., accused publicly, and apparently on too good grounds, of "homicide, perjury, sacrilege, of incest with his relatives and two sisters, of drinking wine in honor of the devil, and of invoking in gambling Jupiter, Venus, and other demons," may be set a John X., no saint, indeed, but apparently a virtuous man, zealous for the restorations of religious discipline, and the deliverer of his subjects from the Saracen invader.\* But what I am concerned to point out is that whether the popes were good or bad, they were penetrated by the feudal spirit. This John X. just mentioned, as Muratori notes, was the first to give the world example of a Roman pontiff at the head of an army. And John XII., a man of blood from his youth, made himself notorious, in a by no means tender-hearted age, for the savagery with which he waged war and punished his enemies. It is curious that when the messengers from the Council convoked by the emperor Otto to rescue the papacy from its abasement sought the pontiff in his camp at Tivoli, they were told that "pharetratus jam in campestris abierat;" or, as we should say, that his Holiness had gone out shooting.† Nor did Otto's reformation unfeudalize the papacy or breathe into its occupants a spirit ecclesiastical. He delivered it, indeed, more or less, from its bondage to the Tusculan barons, whose unprincipled ambition and shameless intrigues had been the immediate cause of its degrada-

tion. But he brought it into captivity to the imperial authority. The pontiffs changed masters; but they did not change manners. Violence and impurity reigned in the Apostolic throne no less after than before the establishment of the new relations between the tiara and the imperial crown. But violence and impurity were not the only scandals which disgraced the chair of Peter. Simony was no less conspicuous, and it passed into a proverb that everything in Rome had its price. The eleventh century, indeed, opens auspiciously with the too short pontificate of the learned and virtuous Gerbert (Sylvester II.), the fitting successor of the learned and virtuous, but severe,\* Gregory V.; and in 1012 Benedict VIII. assumes the tiara, a pope who, as Giesebrecht observes, "recognized it as his mission to provide for the welfare of all Western Christianity, and who feared neither weariness nor exertion to restore to his high office the value it had lost."† Still it is to the early portion of this eleventh century that we must go for the most scandalous examples of simoniacal vice in the Roman see. John XIX., who had himself, when a mere layman, purchased the popedom upon the death of Benedict VIII.,‡ offered to confer the title of universal bishop upon the patriarch of Constantinople for a pecuniary consideration. His successor, Benedict IX., stated to have been ordained at the age of twelve, after a career of which, according to the chronicler, the chief incidents were "multa turpia adulteria, et homicidia manibus suis perpetrata,"§ resolved to wed his first cousin, and finding that public opinion would not tolerate a married pontiff, sold the papacy to John Gratian, and consecrated him with his own hands by the name of Gregory VI., in 1044. It is under this pope, whose virtues were singularly out of keeping with the manner of his elevation, that we first find Hildebrand at Rome in an official capacity. He is described as the pontiff's chaplain (*capellanus*).

So much as to the condition of the papacy in the century and a half succeeding the death of St. Nicholas I. It still maintained the *sacramentum unitatis*. But

\* Baronius judges this pope severely, and, as Gregorius shows, unfairly:—

"Summus erat Pastor tunc temporis Urbe Joannes Officio affatim clarus sophiaque repletus."

is the account given of him by the contemporary author of the poem "De Laudibus Berengarii."

† The fate of this unexemplary pontiff, perhaps the most singular vicar of Christ the world has ever seen, is thus related: "Dum se ejusdam viri uxore oblectaret, in temporibus adeo a diabolo est percussus, ut interideret octo spatium eodem sit vulnere mortuus." (Contin. Luitprand, l. vi., c. 11.

\* "Durus ille pontifex," Damiani calls him, and certainly not without reason, if the account is true which has come down to us of his treatment of the anti-pope, Philagathus.

† Gesch. der Deutschen Kaiserzeit, vol. ii., p. 172.

‡ "Largitione pecunie repente ex laicali ordine neophytus constitutus præsul . . . ex laico (nefas dictu) est transformatus in papam." (Baronius, ad ann. 1024, quoting Glaber, a writer of that age.)

§ Bonizo, *apud* Watterich, Pont. Roman. Vitz, vol. i., p. 75.

how feebly, how precariously, is obvious. Thus was the head affected by the evils of feudality. The members suffered still more.\* The tendency everywhere had been to convert the bishops into feudal barons, and the transformation had to a very large extent been effected. Under the successors of the great Charles, the episcopate had practically become in large measure a royal donative, and abbacies, like sees, had been conferred by the nomination of the prince. The spiritual character of the higher clergy was obscured by their employment as councillors of state, ministers of princes, governors of provinces. They became more familiar with the helmet than the mitre. St. Fulbert of Chartres testifies † that he knew prelates better acquainted with the laws of war than most secular potentates. And with the occupations of feudal lords they assumed their way of living. For the first time in ecclesiastical history, we read of bishopesses (*episcopissæ*), and of the transmission to these women's sons of their fathers' office. The same evil, as was natural, affected more sorely the inferior clergy. The priest's concubine, whether he had gone through the form of marriage with her or not, was almost a recognized member of the sacerdotal household; and the appellation "son of a priest" took high rank among vituperative expressions: it may be regarded, indeed, as the equivalent of a term attributive of canine maternity, much in favor as an opprobrious epithet among mariners in our own day. Simony gradually became universal. At the beginning of the eleventh century the traffic in livings was conducted as openly and unblushingly throughout Europe as it is conducted in nineteenth-century England. And simony, as the natural consequence and companion of incontinence, may, like it, be referred directly to the invasion of the ecclesiastical order by the feudal spirit. Feudal benefices, like ecclesiastical, had origi-

nally been mere life estates. The process by which they at first became heritable, and then alienable, is so well known in this country, through our real property law, that I need not dwell upon it. The same process was going on in the feudalized Church. The prospect before the world in the earlier part of the eleventh century apparently was that the spirituality would be merged in the feudal system, that the priesthood would become a caste, holding churches and lands on a secular tenure, and gradually, like secular holders, acquiring power of alienation. It is not too much to say that, if this result had been attained, the whole future of Europe would have been disastrously different. For it would have meant the extinction of the Church as a society perfect and complete in herself, and with her the extinction of the great principles of which she was the sole representative in the world — the principles of the supremacy of law; of the freedom of conscience; of the real equality of all men; of their brotherhood in the Church; of the essentially fiduciary and limited nature of human authority.\* That these great ideas were not blotted out from the mind of the new nationalities, was, humanly speaking, the work of one man, and that man was Hildebrand. The pontificate of Gregory VII. is the turning-point of the Middle Ages.

### III.

It was in a carpenter's shop, in the little Tuscan town of Soano, that the future pontiff first saw the light. An attempt was made in after years, by — to use a phrase of Mr. Carlyle's — "genealogists of the flunkey species," to trace his lineage to the noble family of the Aldobrandini. But it would seem to be beyond question that, as we read in a remarkable letter † addressed to him by a contemporary abbot, upon his elevation to the pontificate, he was *vir de plebe*; fit origin for the great champion of religious democracy in the Middle Ages, "the holy athlete of the Christian faith," ‡ as Dante sings, who was to maintain the cause of the poor against the violence of a military

\* Bruno, in his life of St. Leo IX., gives the following account of the condition of Christendom at the period of that pontiff's election in 1048: "Mundus totus in maligno positus est, defecerat sanctitas, justitia perierat et veritas sepulta est: regnabat injustitia, avaritia dominabatur, Simon Magus ecclesiam possidebat, episcopi et sacerdotes voluptatibus et fornicationi dediti sunt. Non erubescabant sacerdotes uxores ducere, palam nuptias facere, nefanda matrimonia contrahere et legibus eas dotabant cum quibus secundum leges, nec in una domo simul habitare debebant. Sed quod his omnibus deterius est vix aliquis inveniebatur qui vel simoniacus non esset, vel a simoniacis ordinatus non fuisset. Talis erat ecclesia, tales erant episcopi et sacerdotes, tales et ipsi Romani pontifices, qui omnes alios illuminare debebant." (Apud Watterich, Pont. Roman. Vitæ, vol. i., p. 96.)

† Ep. 112.

\* It is most important to understand how strongly this was insisted on by the mediæval Church. No "right divine of kings to govern wrong" was so much as dreamed of in the Middle Ages. I shall touch upon this point in a subsequent portion of the present essay. It is well brought out by Montalembert: *Moines d'Occident*, vol. vi., c. 6.

† Quoted by the Bollandists in his "Acts." William of Malmesbury speaks of him as "despicibilis parentela." (Apud Pertz, *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, vol. xii., p. 474.)

‡ Della fede cristiana il santo atleta. (Paradiso, c. xii.)

aristocracy. His father, the carpenter, had a brother, or a kinsman, who ruled as abbot the monastery of St. Mary on the Aventine. Thither Hildebrand was sent, when a mere boy, to learn the liberal arts and moral discipline. There he was first brought into contact with John Gratian, arch-priest of the Roman Church, who was subsequently to be his first papal patron; and there he made the acquaintance of Odilo, Abbot of Clugny, a "saint of gentleness and meekness," whose playful answer to those that blamed him for showing too much mercy in the execution of his office, "If I am to be damned, I would rather it were for excess of pitifulness than for excess of severity," is in itself a revelation of his beautiful and winning character. To the great religious house over which Odilo ruled, so famous for the magnificence of its church, the exactness of its ritual, the strictness of its discipline, Hildebrand migrated in entering upon manhood.\* He remained there for several years, drinking more deeply at its abundant founts of the ecclesiastical spirit with which, as his biographers testify, he had been deeply imbued from his earliest youth; and as St. Peter Damiani relates in his life of St. Odilo, the prescient mind of that holy person discerned, by the second sight of sanctity, the coming greatness of the neophyte, applying to him the words spoken of an earlier reformer, "Iste puer magnus erit coram Domino," "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord." Whether he completed his monastic novitiate at Clugny or at St. Mary on the Aventine is uncertain. But "after some years," as the chronicler writes, with a disdain of exact chronology somewhat uncongenial to the modern mind, he set out to return to Rome, and on his way spent some time, probably upon business of his order, at the court of the emperor Henry III., and preached a sermon before that prince which drew from him the testimony, "Never have I heard man proclaim the word of God with so much boldness." It would appear that he reached Rome about the time of the election of his old patron, John Gratian, to the Apostolic throne, under the title of Gregory VI. To the cause of this unfortunate pontiff he attached himself, and, although only in sub-deacon's orders, was appointed, as we have seen, one of the papal chaplains. The election of Gregory VI. took place in 1044; but his predecessor, Benedict

IX., finding himself unable to procure the bride he desired, returned to Rome after a three months' absence, and, occupying the Lateran Palace, resumed the pontifical name and functions, while at the same time John, Bishop of Sabina, was designated pope by a faction of the Roman nobles under the title of Sylvester III. In this scandalous condition of the papacy the Romans appealed to the emperor Henry III., a prince of irregular life but animated by deep sentiments of personal religion, who caused a council to be summoned at Sutri, where Gregory presided, as unquestionably the lawful pope. Here Benedict withdrew his claims to the pontificate, and Sylvester was sentenced to degradation from his ecclesiastical rank and to imprisonment for the rest of his life within a monastery. And now Gregory's turn was to come. "Idiota et miræ simplicitatis," as the chronicler\* calls him with half-contemptuous pity, he acknowledged to the assembled prelates the unworthy means by which he had obtained the supreme pastorate, and was exhorted by them to judge himself—no earthly authority being competent to judge him—so that he might not be judged of the Lord. "Better will it be for thee," they are represented as saying, "to live like the holy Peter, poor in this world and to be blessed in another, than, like the magician Simon, whose example misled thee, to shine in riches *here*, and to receive the sentence of condemnation *there*." The conscience-stricken pontiff gave ear to them, and thus pronounced sentence upon himself: "I, Gregory, bishop, servant of the servants of God, adjudge that on account of the most shameful trafficking of heretical simony which, through the craft of the old enemy, crept into my election, I am deprived of the Roman see." The emperor carried the fallen pope with him to Germany, and as the chronicler Bonizo relates, "Hildebrand, beloved of God (*Deo amabilis*), attended him thither, wishing to show reverence towards his lord." Nine months after, the life and troubles of the sixth Gregory came to an end in his place of exile on the banks of the Rhine. Then Hildebrand returned to Clugny. This was in the year 1046.

So far as we can judge, it would seem to have been Hildebrand's intention, at this period, to devote himself thenceforth to the monastic life in that great centre

\* Adolescentiam ingressus. (Paul. Bern.)

\* Bonizo, *apud* Watterich, Pont. Roman. Vitæ, vol. i., p. 85; and again, "Ut erat idiota omnem suæ electionis pravitatem aperuit."

and home of it. Shortly after his return to Clugny he appears to have been elected prior—second or deputy prior, as Mr. Bowden conjectures, probably with correctness—under St. Odilo, who, weighed down with the burden of eighty-five years, still ruled as abbot the monastic brethren. Two years afterwards the papal chair being vacant, the emperor Henry III. summoned a council at Worms for the purpose of providing an occupant for it. The conciliar, or rather the imperial choice,\* fell on Bruno, Bishop of Toul, a kinsman of the emperor. Bruno, a man of holy life, benign manners, and ecclesiastical spirit, shrank from the dignity, and after praying and fasting for three days made aloud a general confession of his faults to the Council, by way of showing his unworthiness of it (*spontaneam suam coram omnibus confessionem dixit*). It is worth while to pause for a moment to try to picture to oneself the scene: the assembled prelates sitting round the emperor in the great church at Worms, and the pontiff-designate, worn by his *triduo* of mortification and self-examination, tearfully unburdening himself of those "things of man" which "the spirit of a man alone knows," and which, in these days, the devoutest think it penance enough to whisper into the ear of a confessor. Adequately to realize this may help us to realize how far the world has travelled in these last eight centuries. But, as might have been expected, Bruno's humility availed him nothing, and a few days before Christmas, A.D. 1048, he was proclaimed pope, under the title of Leo IX.

Shortly after his election, the new pontiff was brought into intercourse with Hildebrand. Where they met, whether at Worms, in which city, as some authorities relate,† Hildebrand happened to be on certain business of his order; or at Besançon, where, according to the *Regesta*, the new pope spent the 25th and 26th of December; or at Clugny, whither, as others say, Leo turned aside to visit the new abbot Hugh, who had just been elected in succession to the venerable Odilo, is uncertain, nor does it much matter, although, indeed, the last of these accounts seems to me to be the most

probable. What is certain is that from the first the new pope gave to the young monk, and desired to attach him to the pontifical court. The abbot Hugh, between whom and Hildebrand there was one of those firm monastic friendships which the cloistral writers delight in comparing to the love of David and Jonathan, "passing the love of women," was unwilling to allow the sub-prior to depart, and it was with difficulty that his unwillingness was overcome by Leo's entreaties—"quem ab abbate multis precibus vix impetravit," says Bonizo. But a further difficulty arose. Hildebrand had scruples. The election of the pope had been uncanonical. A contemporary chronicler, who tells us that he derived his information in after years from Gregory himself, relates in simple language what took place.\* "I cannot go with you," said Hildebrand, in answer to the invitation of the pontiff. "Why?" "Because without canonical institution and by the mere warrant of royal and secular power you are going to take possession of the Roman Church." The devout bishop was affected, and, at once laying aside the pontifical ornaments, assumed the habit of a pilgrim. It was on the 28th of December, 1048, that Leo and Hildebrand rode forth upon their journey to the papal city. The contrast between the two was striking. Leo, akin to the emperor, to whom he owed his elevation, trained in the use of arms and conversant with the ways of courts, represented, saint as he was, the aristocratic and feudal element in the Catholic hierarchy. And his external appearance was in keeping with this character. "Cestui Pape Lyon," we read in the French chronicler, "était moult bel et était roux et était de stature seignoriale."† a handsome man, of ruddy countenance, and of lordly proportions. Hildebrand, on the other hand, is said to have been little and of mean presence (*homuncio exilis statura*‡), potbellied and short-legged (*ventre lato, crure curto*§), of tawny complexion and black hair (*fuscus*||) probably a somewhat vulgar-looking ecclesiastic of a type still common enough in Italy, while his origin, as we have seen, was of the humblest, and his training had been of the severest.

\* "Eligitur ab Heirico presentibus Romanorum legatis," is the account in the *Regesta*. By *legati* we must understand the deputies of the Roman clergy and people, whose right to elect the pontiff was never questioned, although at this period it was in practice made void.

† "Erat ibi monachus, quidam Romanus Hildebrandus nomine," etc. (Bruno, in Vita S. Leonis PP. IX., apud Watterich, vol. I., p. 96.)

\* Bruno, s. s.: "Multa nobis beatus Gregorius Papa narrare solebat," etc.

† Aimé de Monte Casino, "l'histoire de li Normant:" quoted by Watterich, vol. I., p. 109, note.

‡ See Pertz, *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, xii., p. 474.

§ *Ibid.*, vol. xiii., p. 654-6.

|| *Ibid.*, vol. xvi., p. 69.

One thing which the two men had in common was intense religious fervor. For the rest, the highly-born pontiff might truly have said of his humble companion,—

He was rich where I was poor  
And his unlikeness fitted mine.

The iron will, the far-reaching mind, of Hildebrand were the necessary complement of Leo's simplicity and gentleness.\* The harmlessness of the dove required, for the task that was in hand, to be united to the wisdom of the serpent.

From that day the young subdeacon, soon raised to the cardinalate, and shortly afterwards made archdeacon of the Roman Church, was the trusted friend and counsellor of the pontiffs who in succession occupied the Apostolic chair, until the time came for him to go up higher and himself sit thereon. With Leo "a new light seemed to have risen for the world," writes one of his contemporaries,† and it was Hildebrand who, more than any other, ministered the oil which kept bright the sacred flame during the six years' reign of that pope, and during the four pontificates which fill up the nineteen years between it and his own elevation. It is not my object to write his history. Even to sketch with any fulness its outlines would be a task far beyond the limits to which I am restricted here, and indeed would be foreign from my present purpose. I wish rather to indicate the nature of the work which he did, as we, judging of it after the event, see it in its completeness. For be it remembered that we, at this distance of time, may contemplate it in its wholeness and in its fruits, as he did not and could not contemplate it, and so may judge of it more accurately than was possible to him. It is a grave error to impute to him a clear or even a dim prevision of the consequences, nay, of the tendencies, of all his acts. It is a graver error still, and just now a very popular one, to suppose that he nourished "a great scheme of theocratic empire," that he dreamed of "a vast ideal of sacerdotal despotism." The intelligent reader, who wishes to afford his intelligence a fair chance in this matter, should give all diligence to clear his mind of this cant. And I know of nothing which will more effectually help him in doing so than to get, and honestly read

for himself, Hildebrand's own letters. It must be invincible prejudice which can refuse to see that the writer lived, as we all live, from day to day, dealing with problems as they arose, dealing with them, like us, with reference to the exigencies of the time, the opportunities of the hour, the calculations, the inspirations of the moment, but, unlike most of us, dealing with them too on clear and immutable principles, and with an eye unswervingly fixed upon a definite aim far above "the vulgar range of low desire." That aim was the liberty of the Church. To free her from the fetters, whether of vice or of earthly tyranny, to vindicate her claims to absolute independence in carrying out her mission, as a society perfect and complete in herself, divine in her constitution, divine in her superiority to the limits of time and space, in the world but not of it, a supernatural order amid the varying forms of secular polity—such was the work which his hands found to do, and which he did with all his might, from the day he rode Rome-ward with Leo until the day, thirty-six years after, when he passed away at Salerno, thinking he had failed. He had not failed. He wrought much that did not pass away with him, which abides with us to this day, and of which we may confidently affirm that it shall not pass away. What that is I shall endeavor to show in a subsequent number.

W. S. LILLY.

From Temple Bar.

ROBIN.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE."

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

"MRS. and Miss Temple, ma'am, have come to see you," was the summons which had brought Robin to the drawing-room.

She and Christopher had had their stroll in the garden, and a long talk together, which had served almost entirely to restore Robin's former equanimity; she still felt terribly nervous at the thought of meeting Jack, but that strange turmoil of emotions, so suddenly stirred within her, had calmed gradually down and had subsided.

"Had he come with them?"

Her heart was in a flutter; she could not put the question, but the words kept repeating themselves until she was in the

\* "Natura simplex atque mitissimus." (Bruno, *w. z.*) It is worth noting that he was an accomplished musician.

† Desiderius, Abbot of Monte Casino, Gregory's VII.'s immediate successor under the title of Victor III. Dialog., l. iii.



room, receiving Mrs. Temple's languid congratulations, Georgy's unusually stiff greeting, but all the while with eyes and ears for nobody but Jack.

"Mr. Dorian Chandos, Robin," she heard Christopher saying, and instinct must have made her turn in his direction, for her hand was taken and Jack was speaking — saying something to her — something about his surprise at this meeting, his astonishment at seeing her.

"Is it as I fear, that you don't remember me?" he said anxiously, and the poor little hand which lay so cold in his was almost crushed as he waited for the answer.

"I think she is quite overcome by astonishment." It was Christopher who had come to the rescue, and who, by talking very quickly to Mrs. Temple and Georgy on the score of unexpected recognitions, endeavored to withdraw their attention.

"Oh yes, I recollect you perfectly," Robin at length found breath to say. "I was only wondering whether, now that I am married, you would remember me."

Each spoke with hidden meaning.

"Remember you!" exclaimed Jack, "is it at all likely I could forget?"

It had just come to him that he was still holding her hand; turning to Mr. Blunt, who sat completely mystified, he said, "Why, I have known her since she was so high, and ran about in pinafores — her father was one of my greatest friends." And then smiling as if the thought amused him, he added, "How shall I bring myself to call her anything but Robin, I wonder? and I sha'n't know she is speaking to me, so accustomed was I to hear her call me Jack."

"It's one of the most extraordinary things that I ever heard of in my life," said Mr. Blunt, remembering that he had heard some very fishy reports about the squire; and if he was mixed up with Veriker he hadn't a doubt but they were true.

"It certainly is an odd coincidence," said Mrs. Temple, considering herself appealed to, "isn't it, Georgy?"

But Georgy, seemingly not one whit interested in the matter, was attentively examining a picture.

"Isn't it odd, Georgy?" repeated her mother. "Don't you think so?"

"No; if you ask me, I really don't see anything very odd in it; the odd thing to me is," and she looked pointedly at Jack, "that being in the same place, Mrs.

Blunt and Mr. Dorian Chandos should not have met before."

"Can she have seen them, or has he told her?" thought Christopher.

His face seemed to betray the suspicion, for Georgy in her turn wondered, "Does he know?" and then following the eyes of husband and wife, she fancied they exchanged a look of meaning, and the supposition gave a more favorable turn to the opinion she had formed of Robin.

"And if I had kept to my original intention of going away, we might not have met now," was Jack's answer.

He was not going to be put out of countenance by Miss Georgy, still he had no wish just then to enter upon an encounter with her, and to avoid it he turned to Mr. Blunt, and little guessing how sharp were the thorns he stuck, began a conversation in praise of Mr. Veriker.

Robin had to entertain Mrs. Temple, Georgy occupied herself with Christopher, the three couples talked separately and a little apart from each other.

Several times Georgy made a movement to go, but her mother, delighted at the chance of pouring her misfortunes into the ear of a new listener, paid no attention to the signs given. Jack seemed equally blind, his whole attention was centred on making himself agreeable to Mr. Blunt, and so successful was he that at parting the old man begged him not to think any more of that little affair about the thicket land; he was only very sorry that they hadn't known each other then as they did now.

"And you'll come again," he said heartily. "Pay us another visit soon."

Jack declared that he should be delighted.

"I was hoping," and he tried to catch Robin's ear, "that Mrs. Blunt would ask me."

"Oh, you were waiting for that, were you?"

Mr. Blunt laughed amusedly, calling out to Robin, —

"Come over here, my dear, tell Mr. Chandos how pleased we shall all be to see him whenever he feels inclined to drop in."

Robin seemed to be struck with sudden shyness.

"Oh, but uncle, it is for you to say that. I am not mistress here."

"Yes, yes, you are," said the old man encouragingly, "so long as I'm left master you shall be left missis. Can't say fairer words than that, can I, squire?"



"Certainly not. Then I may come?" — Jack was still addressing Robin — "may I?"

"Yes, if you like to, you may," and she lifted her eyes, and for the first time looked at him, and Jack felt the look had made them friends again; perhaps Robin felt it too, for she gave a little rippling laugh. "I shall be very glad to see you," she said, "and so will Christopher too."

"Ah, yes, we mustn't forget Christopher!" exclaimed Mr. Blunt loudly.

"That goes without saying," put in Georgy Temple, who had come up behind them. "I feel assured that my cousin finds it impossible that he should ever forget Mr. Christopher Blunt."

"What the —" there was just time for Jack's face to ask the question. Already Mrs. Temple was engrossing the father's and son's attention; Georgy had turned towards the door; Robin was saying "Good-bye" to her. A minute or so after, they had left the house.

If any one, to whom Jack felt bound to give an answer, had asked him why he had returned to Wadpole, he could not positively have satisfied him. He had come back because he could not stay away — that was how it seemed to him; come back, beckoned by an irresistible desire which he had silently combated with until of a sudden his strength had failed him, the temptation had overcome, and he was journeying home, seeking reasons to give to others without striving to find any to give to himself.

His first step was to go to the rectory to see the Temples, and this had led to the arrangements in prospect of the visit which they had just paid.

The clang of the gates as they went out seemed to bring him back to his more sober senses. Up to the present time he had been occupied in what he meant to do; one thought had had possession of his mind: he must see Robin. Well! he had seen her; they had met; they had parted. What did he mean to do now?

Aunt Temple was dribbling out discontent about the luxury of such *persons'* surroundings; Georgy was walking along silently — evidently her humor was not a happy one. To the admiration bestowed by her mother on Robin she said nothing, but each remark Jack made was met by a snub or a sneer.

"Well, thank goodness, it's over," she said, answering an appeal made to her. "We've done our duty, and we've paid our call, and there's an end to it so far as

we're concerned for a very long time to come."

"They'll be calling on us. That's the next thing," said Mrs. Temple aggrievedly.

"And if they do, there'll be no need to see them. We can say we're not at home."

"Neighborly!" said Jack sarcastically.

"But, Jack, only remember what our drawing-room always is to look at," and its recollection made Mrs. Temple sigh dismally. "I don't mind with people who know us — of our own set — but these purse-proud newcomers — oh! it's terribly humiliating, it really is!"

"Rubbish! stuff! nonsense!" Jack grew quite energetic. "Who, do you suppose, looks at the room so long as those they come to see are in it? I can answer for it that Mrs. Blunt won't. She has never been used to a lot of grand surroundings."

"How very strange your knowing her so well before!" Mrs. Temple began aggressively. "Of course that'll make a great difference in her to me, and to us all, won't it, Georgy?" Georgy didn't reply. "How surprised you must have been to see her, Jack, weren't you?"

"Oh, I don't know. Not very. People I have met are always turning up somewhere. After all, the world is a very small one."

"Well, yes, I suppose it is. So many people go round it now. In my day it used to be thought wonderful — quite out of the common. I remember a cousin of General White's — not the General White who lives at Forder — but that man, don't you know who —"

Mrs. Temple came to a sudden stop. The cross-road reached, Jack had turned to Georgy, saying, —

"Do you want to go straight home?"

"Not particularly. Why?"

"Do you mind, Aunt Temple, if, instead of the fields, Georgy and I go back round by the common, home?"

Feeling that all these walks must in time lead to the church, Mrs. Temple, swallowing the interruption which in any one less favored would have been resented, raised no objection. At the stile she took her leave of them, while they, getting over it, walked along the lane, the broader part of which skirted the thicket.

"That's your late bone of contention, isn't it?" said Georgy, following the direction of Jack's eyes, which were fixed on the wooded slopes below.

"Yes," he said, without looking round at her.

"The place where we have spent many a happy hour years ago, when we were boy and girl together. I think you've forgotten all about those times, Jack, now."

"On the contrary," he said; "I don't think I ever valued them so much, nor you either, Georgy" — he had taken hold of her hand, and was looking at her with that wonderfully expressive face of his, which in every appeal he made seemed to carry it at once irresistibly — "so you mustn't forsake me."

"It will be your own fault if I do," she said seriously.

"My own fault, will it? How so?"

"Because you won't trust me."

Jack's eyes regarded her inquiringly. He was wondering how much she knew, or was it only a guess she was making? Anyway, he felt inclined to confide in her. Jack was suffering from that sickening despair which comes over most of us at sight of the plans, hopes, wishes, planted out by ourselves, uprooted by another's hand. Life seemed suddenly robbed of all its brightness. He had just had his first sight of what some see very early — he had looked at "happiness through another's eyes." All his future seemed stranded. There was nothing for him to do — nothing for him to care for. Unknown to himself, he was filled with a craving for sympathy, and the chord was vibrating under the touch of Georgy.

"Well," she said, meeting his eyes fearlessly, "are you afraid to do so?"

"No; only first promise to do me a favor?"

She nodded her head in assent.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Be kind to that girl we have just left — for my sake — will you? You don't know what a terrible disappointment I have had about her."

He had let go her hand and was looking straight in front of him away from her.

"She was the girl you were intending to marry, wasn't she?"

Georgy was trying to help him out with his story.

"Did you guess that? Well, only on Saturday when I parted with you to go into Wadpole, I was as certain of making her my wife as I am now that she belongs to another man. Going into the wood there — because I was thinking so much about her and about old times — we met, and I had to learn that she was married already."

The face Jack turned to Georgy said

more than any words of his could convey.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured involuntarily, and for a minute they walked on silently. "Then had she deceived you, Jack?" she began.

"Deceived me!" and he laughed bitterly. "No, she has no more thought that I care for her in that way than — that I care for you. Oh, Georgy, you women are most unaccountable beings; a man may expend all the devotion he can upon you, but unless you hear him say in plain words, 'I love you; do you love me?' it all counts for nothing."

"Yes, but you forget what awful mistakes we might make if we went about judging by mere actions. Do you mean that you never spoke to her then?"

"Never a word. I had known her from such a mere child that, positively, until we had to part I hadn't realized what she was to me; and then, you know, I hadn't anything to offer her. It was on that account that I wrote to Clarkson as I told you."

"I thought you said a friend had advised you."

"Yes, and that friend was her father. It was the first time he ever spoke to me of his threatened danger; that led him to speak of his past life, and to give what turned out very good advice to me; and in my turn I begged him to write to these people, who, he said, could give a shelter to his daughter. He did so, the young man came out, and the result of the visit you see."

"But didn't you ever write to them, didn't she ever write to you?"

"I heard from the father once or twice, and then he wrote to say they were going away from Venice. Oh! I feel sure it was meant to deceive me, for there wasn't a word of this young man, and hardly a mention of Robin."

"And she never wrote herself; hadn't she been used to writing to you?"

"Yes, formerly she had, but then — well — I — oh I didn't feel inclined myself to write in the usual way, and after what had passed I thought I saw why she didn't, either."

Georgy waited, wondering what she had best say; with the gauge she possessed of a woman's nature, this silence on the part of Robin was a test of love.

"Don't you think," she said, "that she must have suspected that you cared for her?"

"No — now I don't believe that the thought could have ever entered her head. When we met down there, it was delight

at seeing an old friend that she showed me; she was in raptures to think we were going to live near each other; and I—I wanted never to see her again, to go to the farther end of the world, to put all the space I could between us—it was that feeling which sent me away."

"And what has brought you back?"

Jack felt himself suddenly pulled up short. "Oh—oh," he stammered, "of course I soon got over that; a few hours in the train brought me to my senses and showed me that I couldn't throw everything to the winds in that wild fashion. I have duties here, and other people to think of—oh, it would never have done to go away. No, I must get over it as best I can; live it down; accustom myself to meet her. It would be very different if there was any feeling on her side, you know; then in honor I should be bound not to return."

"I think you would have been much wiser to stay away," said Georgy firmly, "at least for a time; I thought she seemed very ill at ease in your presence."

"That was because we had seen each other before, and nobody else knew of it."

"Wait, wait," said Georgy, "now I am going to make my confession."

And to Jack's astonishment, she told him how, standing there—a pointing back to the tree—she had overlooked them; and that the suspicions it had raised were her reasons for treating Robin so coldly.

"But that is past now," said Jack, "and you'll try and like her, won't you? You can't help it, when you know her. Be a sister to her, Georgy, do."

"Are you intending to be her brother then? No; don't look so frightened, I don't mean anything, I assure you. I promise to remember that the squires of Wadpole have always been bachelors."

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
WITH THE EMIGRANTS.

I say with all the energy of my existence, Let the people leave in any and in every way that may take them out of the slough of poverty and misery in which they are at present sunk. — *Conemara Priest*, 1881.

AMIDST the various phases of the ever-recurring Irish difficulty, all for the moment developed into acuteness, it is pleasing to turn away for a moment from schemes of repression to measures of relief, from the policy of the one to the practice of the other. A few months ago a private meeting of gentlemen deeply

interested in the welfare of Ireland, and consisting for the most part of members of Parliament, was held at the residence of the Duke of Bedford in Eaton Square. It was a meeting of practical men for a practical purpose. Only one motive actuated their minds and prompted their action—the motive of humanity. They knew, some from personal observation, others from confidential report, the condition of the country, and they could judge its wants. The difficulties which beset government action in the way of immediate and effective emigration were fully discussed, and equally appreciated and understood. It was felt that, irrespective of any public action, there was a vast field for the exercise of private effort. So strongly, indeed, did this conviction force itself upon the mind of the meeting that a committee was appointed with the object of assisting—or at any rate attempting by way of experiment—the emigration of a number of families from the congested districts in the west of Ireland. The sincerity of the philanthropy of the gathering was amply reflected by their generosity, no less a sum than 10,000*l.* being there and then subscribed. The Duke of Bedford, who, in addition to the great kindness of permitting the meeting to be held in his mansion, contributed 1,000*l.*, was appointed president; Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., became chairman, and Mr. Samuel Whitbread, M.P., deputy chairman. An acting committee, comprising six or eight gentlemen of various shades of political opinion, was likewise elected, and a few simple rules laid down for the guidance of those who were to undertake and organize the work and control its operations.

Having only recently returned from Ireland, where I had spent much time in investigating the condition of the people and in endeavoring to ascertain what lay at the root of all the evil, I was honored by a request from the committee to give practical effect to its resolutions. I knew the responsibility which my acceptance of the post necessarily involved. I knew there was little previous experience practically to guide me on the part of others as regards the emigration of Irish families. And yet I felt I could not meet the offer with a refusal. Accordingly I undertook the conduct of the work.

Naturally the first question which arose at the meeting, and the question which arises here, is this: Is emigration from the west of Ireland a necessity, and if so,

why? The stern logic of figures, reinforced by fact and confirmed by competent local opinion, combines to afford a convincing affirmative answer.

In five counties of the west of Ireland, containing a population of 1,030,000 persons, living on 158,400 holdings, 77,200 holdings are at and under 4*l.* valuation, with rents varying from 10*s.* to 20*s.*, and 2*l.* to 3*l.*, and up to 5*l.* or 6*l.*; the total acreage under tillage being 584,700 acres, of which 255,100 is in oats and 212,700 under potatoes, 116,500 other crops, giving an average for each holding, *large and small*, of about three acres under crop in the five counties.

How much smaller this average must be for the districts containing the largest proportion of holdings under 4*l.* the following figures, taken from unions in Galway and Mayo, will show.

In the Clifden union (County Galway), population 25,000, there are 4,027 holdings, of which 3,246 are rated at or under 4*l.* The total land under tillage does not exceed 10,800 acres, of which 4,900 are under potatoes and 3,300 in oats and barley, giving little more than two acres for each holding. Again, let it be noticed that this does not specially exhibit the extremely small holdings, the size of which may be estimated by the fact that in one property, a facsimile of many others, eighty tenants are living on land the Griffiths' valuation of which is about 100*l.*; rents probably from 1*l.* to 3*l.*, or more.

In Belmullet union (County Mayo) there are 3,500 holdings, of which 3,068 are rated at or under 4*l.*, and the total acres under tillage do not exceed 9,500, of which 4,000 are in potatoes and less than 4,000 in oats and rye.

In Glenties union (County Donegal) there are 7,855 holdings, 5,577 of which are returned at or under 4*l.*, whilst the total acreage under tillage does not exceed 17,200, of which 9,600 are in potatoes and 7,700 in oats.

The majority of the small tenants in these unions are in arrears of rent and arrears of shop debts, varying usually from three to five years. Take the following as actual instances obtained from personal inquiries.

*No. 1 Townland.*—25 families, comprising 157 persons, living on 57 acres of land (Griffiths' valuation, 36*l.* 5*s.*; actual rent, 85*l.* 8*s.*). Arrears, three and a half years, 333*l.* 15*s.*; arrears of shop debts, 372*l.*; total, 705*l.* 15*s.*

*No. 2 Townland.*—29 families, or 146

persons, living on 63 acres (Griffiths' valuation, 43*l.*; actual rent, 82*l.* 18*s.*). Arrears, three and a half years, 236*l.*; shop debts, 178*l.*; total 414*l.* On the other side a careful estimate of the assets belonging to the townlands showed that if sold up not a shilling would be left for the tenants.

And what on the evidence of those most competent is the every-day condition of these people?

That, in the opinion of the local government inspector of these counties, —

There are thousands of families similarly situated. — *H. A. Robinson.*

As regards the prospects here, poverty is a fixed quantity, for Connemara is, *sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper et in secula*, the land of wretchedness and misery. — *Connemara Priest No. 1.*

There are hundreds of families in Clifden union who are not able to afford more than one meal of stirabout a day, some even every other day. No one can comprehend the poverty of the people who does not live among them. This is the chronic condition they have never recovered since 1879–80. Emigration the only remedy. — *Clerk of Clifden Union.*

Some are sunk in such poverty and misery that they dare not stir out of their houses. They are ashamed to hold up their heads, and lie still in their nakedness and hunger. Many have only one meal on alternate days. — *Medical Officer, Roundstone District.*

Dozens of these unfortunate people, especially those recently evicted, have begged me to lay their case before you; these depend solely on the pittance granted them by the union and the charity of their neighbors. They are only too anxious to emigrate, but have no means, not even the clothing needed. — *Medical Officer, Clifden Union.*

And again: —

If the small tenants in Connemara had the land for nothing they could not live. The holdings are so small, the land so sterile, that these people will always be steeped in poverty. — *Connemara Priest No. 2.*

Can any one wonder with this condition around them that the Clifden board of guardians should have passed the following resolution? —

That, taking into consideration the poverty and destitute condition of the poorer classes in this Union, particularly those evicted for non-payment of rent, and also those along the seashore holding miserable patches of land, caused by the subdivision of holdings, and who for three-fourths of the year are in a state of semi-starvation, we respectfully request the interference of the government in the way of emigration.

It was a knowledge of the deplorable

condition which these statistics and opinions revealed that led to the formation of the committee to which I have alluded. It was to these circumstances that it owed its existence. It was with the hope of applying a partial remedy, if that were possible, and on that point even grave doubts were thrown. My experience had convinced me that emigration was possible, and that it would be acceptable to many. Only a week prior to the holding of the meeting I had, in an article in reply to the ignorant and oft-repeated assertion, "The people will not leave even if they have the chance," used these words: "I wish that one of these objectors would take a well-found ship either into Galway or Westport Bay, offering free passages to all who might wish to leave. The result would, I think, convince him of his error." I felt satisfied then — I feel still more satisfied now — that experience would justify my statement. It was to me no small satisfaction to reflect that the generosity of the gentlemen who assembled at the Duke of Bedford's residence would enable me to put the matter to a practical test, though a feeling akin to dread, a feeling engendered by the magnitude of the task, naturally sobered my rejoicing. The effectiveness of the action, I saw, must be largely dependent for success upon the speed with which it was begun, the hot season, which falls early upon the United States, being less favorable for the arrival of emigrants.

Accordingly, three days after the meeting, jointly with Mr. George Melly and Father Nugent, I was in Liverpool inspecting an emigrant ship, which, then outward bound, was six weeks later to convey four hundred people to their new homes. The owners were willing to permit the vessel to go into Galway harbor, and subsequently provisional arrangements were made for the removal of the emigrants. Next morning I had an interview in Dublin with Earl Cowper, the lord-lieutenant, and my friend Mr. Forster, the (then) chief secretary, who both in London and Dublin had entered warmly into the scheme and taken a personal rather than an official interest in its operation. From Mr. Forster as well as from Mr. Robinson, the president of the Local Government Board, I obtained every facility which they could afford me for the prosecution of my work. On the following day I met, in the heart of Connemara, Mr. H. A. Robinson, the local government inspector, who on all occasions had rendered me hearty assistance — the as-

sistance of an energetic gentleman whose heart and whose hopes are inseparably bound up with the welfare of the people in the large district under his charge. Before leaving home I had telegraphed to him an announcement of the formation of the fund. I had stated that the committee would within certain limits, equally with the guardians — that is to say, in the proportion of one-half — find the amount needed to emigrate families, and, with his accustomed attention to duty, he had communicated the fact to the guardians at Clifden, and had advised them to pass a resolution which appeared all that was needed as the first step towards applying for the necessary borrowing powers for the union. This resolution, passed at the first meeting of the recently elected board of guardians, largely attended in consequence, was in the following terms: —

That the guardians desire to intimate that, as they have ascertained that a fund is forthcoming out of which assistance will be given to all persons desirous of emigrating, the Board will now be prepared to receive and consider applications from all such persons, and will take steps to procure whatever money may be required for this purpose.

Proceeding the following day to Clifden, I met Mr. Burke, the clerk of the union, who expressed his own great sense of obligation to the promoters of the fund for their liberal offer to provide half the amount which the guardians might find it needful to advance.

The relieving officer who had charge of the district in which the largest proportion of evicted people were living was next seen. He stated he was well assured that most of them would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to emigrate, adding that of those whom I had visited in March a few had already gone, some in families, and others leaving wife and children behind, hoping soon to earn money to enable them to follow. Hundreds of others not evicted would, I was told, gladly follow if they could find the means. The relieving officers were requested by the local government inspector and clerk to go round their respective districts, and to draw up lists of those who desired to emigrate, giving full particulars as to the ages, number in family, occupation, etc. They were also directed to inquire in each case the amount which the family could contribute, their condition as to clothing, and whether they could show that they had friends in any place in Canada or the States to whom they could go. I met



several gentlemen in the town who seemed much pleased with the prospect of help to be given, and during the morning I had numerous applications from persons who wished to emigrate.

In the afternoon, accompanied in part by the clerk of the union, I drove about twenty miles through the wild, stony waste which extends along the whole south-west coast of Galway, speaking at intervals to the people, whose dwellings are scattered over the land, either singly or in hamlets, like the huge boulders which everywhere abound. At one point, where a small pier was in course of construction, the opportunity was afforded of gaining the opinion of a number of men. They told me they were earning from 1s. to 1s. 4d. per day. Did they think people wished to emigrate in their neighborhood? "Yes, indeed; we all do." The foreman of the works expressed a very strong wish to go. He had a son and two daughters working in Scotland, and one of the latter had sent home begging him to buy her a passage to America. This he had just done, but did not like the idea of the girl going alone, and would be quite willing to find some part of the money needed for himself and family, if they could be assisted. "They would all go." He, like many others, had relations in America. A number of fine young unmarried fellows were most anxious to go. The wages were so small, and the work would soon end, and then there was nothing whatever to be done. "No wages to be earned, what was to come to them?" Further inquiries at Roundstone the same evening gave precisely similar results.

Let me give here one or two instances, culled from my note-book, of the class of people who had applied to me in the course of this first day's work:—

M. F., evicted tenant of Mr. B.—. Wife and one child. Could find part of the passage money; had sold his last cow for 8s., to give meal to his family. Recommended as a good workman—building walls, road-making, or farming. No employment whatever to be had; would work for 1s. a day and his food. Having been deprived of his holding, had no means of supporting his family and must soon come on the union. Has a sister in "the States," and would go out to her if he had the "manes." (Subsequently assisted.)

T. M., aged 45. Another tenant evicted in January last. Had a farm at 13s. a year rental, and is a good workman. Wife and 5 children—ages, 13, 11, 9, 6, 1 1-2, infant. Has been living in the miserable damp hut I visited in February, and his wife—then about to be—

since confined. Could not leave for a month. Left May, 1882.

G. H., aged 45 years, living near Clifden. Employed as a gardener or rough mason and general laborer. Excellent character; earns 1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d. a day. Has 8 in family—girls, 23, 22, 18, 13; boys, 8, 6. Two girls are in Scotland, working at the mills. Is heavily in debt; cannot clothe and keep his family decent on 9s. a week, and often out of work in winter. Left April, 1882.

A quiet day here (Glendalough) gives time for a little reflection, which the constant travelling and inquiries of the past six days have hardly allowed. Short as has been the time since leaving home, one of the questions at any rate constantly asked there has, so far as regards the Clifden union, already been partially answered. The willingness of the people to emigrate has, in two of the great dispensary districts, been clearly shown. The willingness also of the guardians to furnish a portion of the expenses *seems* ascertained by their resolution, which I have already quoted. Further inquiries to-morrow may alter these views. But already the inability of the people to find any considerable portion of the cost of transport—a point which I had frequently mentioned to those interested in the work before leaving—was apparent.

It is most difficult, unless upon the spot, really to understand the actual condition of this portion of Ireland. Here is a union—Clifden—larger than eight of the Scotch or two Welsh counties, with an area half the size of Hertfordshire, and considerably larger than Middlesex—containing a population of twenty-five thousand, the Griffiths' valuation being 17,900s., and the area one hundred and ninety thousand acres, of which the total extent under crops is 10,851 acres. If we look for a population of twenty-five thousand in any Scotch or Welsh county, we shall find that the annual valuation or rental is three to eight times larger. Radnor, for instance, in Wales, with a fourth larger area, has a population of twenty-five thousand, but the rental of the county is 136,000s. Anglesea, with a similar area and double the population, has an estimated rental of 133,000s. Sutherlandshire, on the other hand, with a similar population, has a rental of 70,000s., and an area of twelve hundred thousand acres.

The union of Clifden is divided into four large dispensary districts, and the long line of coast—at least one hundred and fifty miles—with its wild rocky inlets



and numerous mountains and glens, requiring to be visited by car, or boat, or bicycle, or on foot, are sufficient to tax the strength and exhaust the energy of any man, be he doctor or relieving officer. And if we except the two little towns of Clifden and Roundstone, containing probably fifteen hundred and five hundred each, where out of Ireland can we find any population in a similar condition? Out of 4,027 holdings, 3,246 are at and under 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  valuation, 610 at or under 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ , giving a total of 3,856 at or under 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 170 of all sizes above. Some of the small holdings are so minute that, as we have said, eighty-five tenants can be found living on an annual valuation of little over 100 $\frac{1}{2}$  a year, or twenty on a strip of land valued at 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  a year. Remember, further, that the total arable land under crop does not exceed ten thousand eight hundred acres, thirty-three hundred of which are in oats and rye, and forty-nine hundred in potatoes; and the nature of the soil and climate may be judged of by saying that there is but one acre of wheat grown in the whole union.\* To this must be added the absence of employment, shown by the fact that out of forty owners of land over 100 $\frac{1}{2}$  a year in the union, not more than five, so far as I could learn, were giving employment to the people. Mr. Mitchell Henry's name was conspicuous among those who were thus benefiting the district, and is in striking contrast to the indifference shown by the largest landholder in the union—who enjoys the distinction of being the owner of the largest single estate in Ireland. Then there is no railway nearer than Galway, on the one hand, or Westport on the other, which are forty, fifty, or sixty miles distant, according to the point of the union you are in. Of roads there are a few, but a vast number of the houses have to be reached by the little boroens, or across the wet bogs or rocky pathway. "Irish" is the language usually spoken, although it is by no means uncommon to find among the children a knowledge of English.

And how would such a quiet day as this Easter Sunday on which I write be valued by the thousands who have sought in an infinite variety of places—too crowded, alas!—to gain the rest and refreshment for brain and body, which the perpetual strain of our great cities increasingly necessitates! Perhaps a solitude too great for most, but the beauty of the surroundings and the charm of this Con-

nemara scenery prevents its intense solitude, at least for a day or two, from being oppressive. There are, I need hardly say, no tourists in Connemara now, though, as the boatman urges, "any gentleman might lie down and sleep peaceably in the woods." One "fishing gentleman" had been for a few days at the hotel, and gone. Except an official passing now and then, no one had been staying there since my visit a month ago. To-day, basking in the full sunshine, how lovely, in its first touch of spring, is the scenery around! Look from the window across the little slope of grass with the fringe of trees to the left, just budding into life. How perfect is the stillness of the loch, with the shadow of the big mountain reflected on its bosom; how beautiful even the wide stretch of bog beyond, to-day illuminated and rejoicing in the sun up to the very foot of the steep slopes of the Connemara Pins; their gray sides, devoid of herbage, almost glittering in the sunshine, whilst the sharp, clear outlines are thrown forward in bold relief against the pale blue sky. Not unlike in shape and color, I have often thought, to the outlines of the lowest range of the Alpine spurs which touch the shores of the Mediterranean at Mentone.

But with this sunshine it is impossible to remain indoors, and a few steps take you into the rocky wood which nearly surrounds the hotel, and thence into the wide, open, elevated plateau of bog and moor which stretches for miles to the southern coast of Galway. But as you pass through the strip of wood it is impossible not to be struck with the variety and exquisite beauty of the mosses and ferns (just showing their new fronds) which everywhere abound, luxuriating in this moist, mild climate. There, too, in the rocky crevices the *Saxifraga* (London pride) and the *Hymenophyllum* abound, with other rare ferns.

And beyond this belt of wood, which ceases so suddenly that you are assured you are indebted chiefly for this rarity to the hand of some former possessor of the estate, you are on the bog. It is needful carefully to pick your way, to avoid the swampy holes, in order to reach one of the rocky heights which stand boldly out of the turf around. And when there, what a panorama is spread before you!

To the west the chain of little lochs which flow through the valley past Ballinahinch and its old robber castle till they find an outlet among rocks and surge on the Atlantic coast. Northward the chain

\* Agricultural Statistics, Ireland, 1831.

of the Connemara mountains, commencing at the coast, which almost fills up the more distant horizon, and as the eye sweeps along their bold outline they drop down in the valley in which Loch Inah — the loveliest of Connemara lakes — is lying; and, again retreating further inland, the heights of Maamturk fill up the eastern distance. How snug and peaceful the scattered cottages of Lasoghta look — almost the only sign of human life visible — with the green patch beside them marking the strata in which the marble quarries of Connemara are found, rather than worked.

Immediately below you the fringe of green larches dips down to a tiny lake almost embowered in their branches, and then, again, other small lochs, their outline partially hidden by the trees on this side, but ever beyond the miles of brown turf bog, all to-day illuminated by the sun.

Except the slight breeze which ever haunts a height, in the stillest day, there is perfect calm; not a cloud to show that we are in Ireland. The magpie, flying high in the air in perfect enjoyment of the day, descending suddenly, as by some unseen ladder, with its tail outspread, utters its sharp cry to its mate on the nest in the larches beneath, and the plaintive "wee-wee" of the sandpiper and harsher note of the oyster-catcher are the only sounds which break the stillness of this perfect day, which breathes nothing but peace. There are those to whom, alas! this sunshine must seem, in some degree, a bitter mockery. But it is with the people, and not with the scenery, of Connemara that I am now concerned, and I can imagine some one asking, is this one of the congested districts from which it is needful to remove a population too numerous for the land to support? This which I have thus hastily sketched is the tourist's view of Connemara, and it needs that the traveller, turning his back on the mountains, should cross to the south the vast stretch of bog land — its unspeakable dreariness only relieved by the glorious sunshine — to reach the coast of Galway, along which the hamlets or dwellings of the people are widely scattered. But to describe these must be the work of another day, and on returning to the hotel we are quickly reminded of the work in hand. A respectable-looking man, with five barefoots, is waiting to see me, and this is his story: —

J. P., age 35 years. Wife and seven children.

Held in "Co.,"\* under Mr. B——, a farm: rent now 15*l.* a year. Thirty years ago it had been held by his father, with right of almost unlimited grazing over the mountains. Then, step by step, the rent had been raised — 6*l.*, 8*l.*, 15*l.* — and with the last increase the large grazing right had been restricted, and from that time his downfall had commenced. Six or seven years ago he had several head of cattle and eighty sheep, and the amount of mountain land left was insufficient to keep his stock, which year by year had to be sold to pay debts or rent. This was his story. He also had been evicted in January, and was living in a hut he had built to shelter his family, not far, as is usual, from his former house. The children who were with him were in rags, though he was fairly clothed; and where were the wife and eldest girl he had mentioned? They were "naked in clothing" and ashamed to come. He was unable to find any money to help in emigrating; indeed, his debts to the shops could not be less than 40*l.*, for he had formerly been looked upon as a man of some property; but now he had nothing, and could not even find the means to clothe his family. He owed three years' rent. He had sold his last heifer at Christmas for 6*l.* 10*s.*, and now had no milk for the family, and on this money they had been living, and now nothing was left. Three years' rent — 45*l.*, and shop debts as much! He, like others, said that the charge for the turf they burned was felt as a great hardship; for, however small, it had been considered *a right* attached to the land they held, just as the right to turn out cattle on the mountains had been considered.

The following day, leaving the great Connemara highway, from Oughterard to Clifden, with which the tourist is acquainted, with its tens of thousands of acres of mountain, bog, and loch, we turn directly south towards the population of which I have spoken, spread along the numberless inlets and coast-line of Galway. Those whose knowledge of the district is confined to the great highway, with its fresh-water lochs, may be surprised to know that within a few miles to the south of the road a large population exists, and has existed for centuries, who are indebted not to fresh water but to the sea for their existence. But such is the case, and you have hardly cleared the lochs three or four miles before you come upon the dark fringe of seaweed which indicates the change from fresh to salt water. And here at once signs of cultivation begin, and small huts are seen scattered about, and the population are

\* "To hold in Co." is a plan much adopted here, by which all the tenants, often five or more on a holding (gradually subdivided), are made responsible jointly and severally for the rent — a most mischievous system for the tenant.

everywhere busy among the stony plots of ground which form their holdings. The nature of the soil, except perhaps that it is more stony, does not differ materially from the tens of thousands of acres which lie untouched on the margin of the fresh water.

It is owing to the fertilizing properties of the seaweed that this cultivation is caused; and just as far as the hard-working Connemara woman can carry her heavy creel of seaweed, or the ass or small horse can find its way among the bog and stones, so far and no further has the cultivation gone. The productiveness of the soil is caused alone by the annual dressing of the weed.

But it is not to this use of the weed alone that the district is indebted. For some years past a flourishing and profitable trade was done in burning the weed for kelp, from which a muriate of potash was produced. This in past years had brought 10*l.*, 20*l.*, 30*l.*, or even 40*l.* into many of these houses, and tens of thousands of pounds were yearly paid by the gentleman on whom it was one of my objects to call. He is not only a landed proprietor and poor-law guardian and magistrate, but also a purchaser of the kelp from the people. Of the district he had a very intimate knowledge. He confirmed the great reduction in the quantity and value of the kelp produced now as compared with a few years ago, and said that some other substance had been found which produced the chemical at a price which made it unprofitable to burn the common weed everywhere abounding. The price had declined from 7*l.* to 2*l.* 10*s.*, and, except for the manufacture of iodine from a species of seaweed found in deep water, there was little demand. To this failure of earnings for the small tenants he attributed much of their present poverty. He had not believed they were actually so poor as they alleged, until he saw that they allowed themselves to be turned out of their houses at the evictions. He thought they had money saved; now he felt differently; but, as regards emigration, whilst fully admitting its importance, he did not feel sanguine that the union could afford it. Even now the county cess had to be collected by the assistance of the constabulary, and the people would not like to be further taxed. Numbers would go, no doubt, but there would be opposition raised by the priests. Already the people had been warned in one parish. To him I explained the objects of the committee, which he fully

appreciated, and subsequently warmly supported. Then, after other visits, I came upon the scene of the evictions of January last. Two or three of the "housheen" were deserted. Some tenants whom I had met and talked with about emigration in a ruined house a month ago, had already gone, chiefly the smaller families. A man and his daughter had gone, leaving the wife and two or three children behind. To these and others I could now, through the generous support of English friends, give the hope of an early reuniting of the family, and I shall not soon forget the smile of the girl of twelve or thirteen when I asked her whether she would like to see her father soon. They were assisted among our earliest emigrants.

Poor Mich. Nee (Tom) was not at home; he had obtained two or three days' work, at 1*s.* 4*d.* a day, helping a neighbor to dig his potato-ground. His wife, with a welcome which could not have been exceeded in genuine cordiality, asked me to enter the hovel, and, leaving the only seat, begged me to take it. The children were at school, four miles distant. She was busy with her needle, making some small garment for her expected infant. They were all getting weaker, she said. The potato-planting in which her husband was assisting would soon be over, and then he would have no work. The thought of being able to emigrate filled her with hope and thankfulness. Spite of all, there was no complaining, no bitterness; with a subdued tone she told me, in answer to inquiries, that the large wooden dresser, the pride of their former dwelling, and which had formed the end and gable of the turf "housheen" on my former visit, had been sold for 7*s.* or 8*s.* to buy half a bag of meal for the children. Let me once more describe the dwelling in which I had been seated. It was too low to stand upright in, and to enter it needed that you should almost go on all fours. A great boulder which stood up above the roof cut off one corner, forming, with the door, one side, seven feet six inches in width. The other end, where the wooden dresser had stood, now filled up with sods, was nine feet wide, and the total length was seven feet. In this irregular-shaped room, dug out about eighteen inches, the sods forming the walls, and some rafters and other sods the roof, a man and wife, with four sons and two daughters, had been living since the first week in January. As his rent was 13*l.* a year, his was by no means one of the smallest holdings.

He had owned cows and been comfortably off till the bad times came.

Again I advised her to go into the work-house for a few weeks until they could be emigrated; but no, it was not until I again visited them six weeks later, that finding them all suffering from "colds" caused by the dampness of the housheen—all resources having failed—they consented at last to enter within the dreaded walls.

I must not dwell over other scenes of this day's work; only let me say that everywhere the desperate poverty and earnestness of the people to be assisted to emigrate were more and more apparent.

Taking a stroll on my return to be rid of the stiffness caused by a long car journey, I met the relieving officer of the district, who was seeking me. A woman (always the first here) had come beseeching and imploring help from him. She had sold her little heifer and all her belongings and just raised enough where-with to buy the tickets, costing 16*l.*, which she produced, for her husband, herself, and her child for the steamer on Friday, and hadn't a "penny" to take them fifty miles to Galway, or pay for the "kit," or to "lave a halfpenny" when they landed—would I give her help? They were most industrious people, he said; the husband a "splendid" workman; and the woman was here; would I see her? Yes; and a very tidy, pleasant-looking young woman was introduced. Relieving officer: "Now, tell the gentleman the story; every word must be truth. Whist, what's the use of crying? Don't you see the kind gentleman means to help you? he's taking down the notes;" and so I had the story over again. "Well, how much would it be?" Well, indeed, if a sovereign could be had it would be great help. There was the car to Galway a pound, and they were very short of clothing, and they had nothing for the journey nor on landing, and they had friends in Ameriky (burst of tears stopped by relieving officer) somewhere, Alleghany County, Pennsylvania." Well, how would they get there? She didn't know, but if the good God helped them to Boston, she must lave that. Then I summed up the very lowest that all these would cost, and hearing from the landlady of the hotel that her story was quite true, and that she had been a servant with her, I told her I could give 6*l.* for the whole, so that they might not be stranded in the streets of Boston. She hardly took it seriously at first; it seemed so unreal. She had asked for a

sovereign and had 6*l.* promised. "Well, then," at length she burst out, "then it's the Lord himself as has sent you to me this day—praised be his holy name."

This was our *first case*. *Well, for the sequel.* The next morning I left Glendalough; and, just as I was leaving, I thought I saw the same woman, and it flashed across me that I had been deceived, for I knew she lived six miles away; so I stopped. "Well, what, are you here again?" "Yes, sir, I have spent the night with my sister taking leave of her; a poor creature with a long 'wake' family. She lives just below, and I could not pass Miss Mullarchy without speaking to them again. Now, I am going back to Cashel." So, as our road was the same, I told the driver to give her a seat. When we came to the high-road a poor woman, with a face so like Hannah Flaherty's, was there, that I said, "That must be your sister." "Yes, indeed, yer honor, she's coming to take lave of me. The poor 'wake' creature, with a 'waker' husband, and seven poor 'wake' children. I've been crying the night to see them and not a sixpence in the house to buy a bit of meal" (rather begging I thought). "I told you, sir, that I was going to Mr. Macready's last night, for sure I lived there as cook, and good Mr. Macready he gave me a sovereign, yer honor; but this poor sister is so badly off, yer honor, I couldn't 'tell you the half of her poverty,' that I must leave her that pound. I cannot leave her without, and it's you I have to thank for it. Yes, God be praised for it." Then our roads diverged.

At Clifden on the following day I had numerous applications from people who had crowded into the town, and there I wrote the committee at home in the following terms:—

It is becoming more evident that the fear I entertained before leaving home, of the inability of the people to pay half the fares, is a correct one. I have had many instances of it to-day in this place, and it will be needful for me to have the instructions of the committee as to my course of action in the event of the union declining to advance the other half. . . . The need for help and the desire for it are, if possible, greater than I anticipated; nor is the absolute poverty of the mass of the people one whit less, when I come to investigate the cases separately as I have done to-day. It is really pitiable. Take this as an instance: A most decent hard-working little farmer was recommended to me for one of Mr. Sweetman's farms. This is his case: John Sullivan, 40 years of age, has a little farm in co-partnership

with another man, for which 7*l.* a year are paid; has one cow value 6*l.*, one filly value 2*l.*, and could sell his "crops" if he left for 5*l.* or 6*l.*; but that is all—"every penny" he has. There are three years rent unpaid and 8*l.* or 9*l.* due to the shop: that is a "great trouble." Has been accustomed to go to Scotland, and now has two boys and one girl there earning about 8*s.* to 12*s.* a week each. He is buying potatoes every week for his family to live upon. The total land under tillage does not exceed two acres. All he could possibly do would be to find clothing and perhaps a car to Galway—fifty miles—part to ride and part to walk. His family consists of three boys and six girls: thus there are eleven in all. Now a greater kindness could not be done than to remove this industrious, decent fellow, struggling against poverty, and whose only fault is the size of his family. To place him on one of Mr. Sweetman's farms in Minnesota would cost nearer 100*l.* than 50*l.*; but could we invest the money better?

Leaving the further procuring of names in the hands of Mr. Burke, the clerk of the union and the relieving officers, I visited Letterfrack, and the northern division of the union, where I spent a day or two. In a letter to the committee I embodied the results of my inquiries thus far in these four heads:—

- (1.) The great demand on the part of the people for emigration.
- (2.) The extreme poverty of large masses of the small cultivators of land.
- (3.) And as resulting from this, the necessity

which exists to give them assistance to an extent varying from the whole to one-half the sum required, and which must, I believe, be left to the discretion of those on the spot.

And it must be added—

- (4.) That it is yet uncertain whether the guardians will give their share of the amount required.

At Westport, County Mayo, I again met Mr. H. A. Robinson, the local government inspector, who, since we parted a week ago, had been visiting the most northerly and the poorest portion of his district—Belmullet and Newport. He had made various inquiries in reference to the feeling of the people; everywhere he had found the greatest desire to avail themselves of any opportunity to emigrate. He had taken down a few names of applicants who were able to pay a small sum or half of the amount for the passages which were assisted. But he felt satisfied that very few persons could avail themselves of the offer of the fund if the rule was strictly adhered to, of finding any large proportion, especially for families.

As Newport and Belmullet, County Mayo, were, with Clifden and Oughterard, the unions selected before leaving home for special attention, in consequence of their extreme poverty, it may be well here briefly to put their position before my readers:—

Unions.	Acreage.	Popula- tion.	Griffiths' valuation.	Total holdings.	Hold- ings at 4 <i>l.</i> and under.	Valuation per holding.	Total acres under crop.	
							Corn.	Potatoes.
Oughterard . . .	172,700	24,897	14,897	2,637	1,803	£ 5 13 0	4,627	4,665
Clifden . . .	193,000	25,230	17,925	4,027	3,246	4 9 0	3,083	4,787
Newport . . .	170,400	15,783	13,124	2,188	1,645	6 0 0	3,218	4,379
Belmullet . . .	177,900	16,060	10,939	3,519	3,068	3 2 6	4,102	4,357
Total . . .	714,000	81,970	56,885	12,371	9,762	4 12 0	15,030	18,188

We thus have, in round numbers, a population of eighty-two thousand persons, with no local employment, living on twelve thousand six hundred holdings of the average annual value of 4*l.* 12*s.* each, the total acreage of land under oats and barley being fifteen thousand, and of potatoes and other green crops eighteen thousand two hundred, or one acre and a fraction of the one crop, and one acre and a half of the other crop. And this average, be it remembered, includes all

the larger farms; in addition to which the soil is so inferior that not more than three acres of wheat are grown in the four unions, and the Griffiths' valuation of the land does not exceed one shilling and sixpence per acre.

A visit unexpectedly paid to Mulranny, in the centre of the Newport union, gave me an opportunity which tested more than anything I had yet seen the force of the popular feeling in favor of emigration. In passing through the district a few days



previously, Mr. Robinson had mentioned the possibility of some assistance being given, and as Mr. Vesey Stoney, of Ros-turk Castle, was not only a considerable resident proprietor, but a guardian, taking much interest in the work, I called upon him to obtain information. As I entered the courtyard of his residence I noticed a considerable number of persons collected, and soon found they had come to inquire of Mr. Stoney and have their names taken down for emigration—a process which occupied Mr. Stoney and myself nearly seven hours. Numbers of these people had walked ten, fifteen, and twenty miles, from the further shores of Achill and other remote places. And this, be it remembered, from one small portion only of the Newport union. Altogether about three hundred names were recorded.

Returning again to Clifden I ascertained that a week's investigation by the guardians respecting the desire of the people to emigrate had revealed this striking state of affairs:—

*Clifden Union.*

1. Town and parish of Clifden (population 1,500), 68 families or parts of families, 300 persons, or about one-fifth of the population.		
	Families	Persons
2. Errismore, seashore district	66	443
3. Roundstone, seashore district, many evicted persons . . . . .	56	350
4. Renvyle and Letterfrack . . . . .	32	183
	222	1,276

It will thus be seen [so I wrote to the committee] that the result of a very incomplete inquiry shows that over 1,000 persons are anxiously wishing to emigrate from Clifden union. It is not likely that on scrutinizing the lists the whole will be found suitable persons, but the single fact that one-fifth of the population of this town—the market town of Connemara—have asked to be assisted, is the strongest illustration that can be given of the poverty and absence of employment in the district. I have already stated to the guardians that I shall not feel at liberty to assist more than a very small number from the town, not considering them to belong to the class of small holders of land. The relieving officers state that a further inquiry would produce nearly as many more names. In general the people will need to have assistance for clothing as well as fares, necessarily involving a heavy cost per head.

And now the real tug of war began. With the numerous applications before me, the necessity of at once entering into arrangements with steamship companies

for the transport of the emigrants became evident. With the long land carriage by car or cart to Galway the nearest railway, and the further long railway journey to Liverpool or Queenstown, I became convinced that Galway was the true place for the embarkation of the emigrants. The difficulty to be encountered was this—that one company, the Allan line, alone put into Galway for passengers, and only once a fortnight. The best season for landing passengers before the hot weather was rapidly passing; it was imperative, therefore, that with this or other companies arrangements should be come to which would allow of our people leaving in considerable numbers at an early date. Then, again, although the Clifden guardians had agreed to borrow, considerable difference of opinion as to what was absolutely needful for the proper emigration of the people existed. To the union emigration simply meant the largest number at the smallest cost. To the committee, with higher views of all that emigration involves, a very different idea presented itself. It had been laid down as an axiom that emigration meant something more than the landing emigrants without friends or funds to proceed to proper fields of labor; and to carry this into effect a much larger expenditure per head was needed than the guardians might fairly consider necessary. Many questions thus arose which, spite of scores of telegrams and letters, it became impossible to explain. Hence I concluded to take the long twenty-four hours' journey to London and meet the committee, and then proceed to Liverpool to arrange with Mr. Melly for the ships required. Before doing so—in some degree owing to the extreme pressure on the part of the people, who, having had their names taken down, thought, like children, they were certain to leave in a day or two—I arranged with the agent of the Allan Line for one hundred and fifty fares for the first steamer leaving Galway, April 28. The selection of the names, and the amount of clothing needed by each, had all to be taken into account; then, when selected, the personal visits to many of the houses, or inspection of those selected who came in from the country districts for the tickets for clothing, had all to be gone through, with the indefatigable clerk of the union.

Then came the formidable question of how the people living in these remote hamlets and out-of-the-world corners were to be gathered together and forwarded to



Galway, a distance of fifty miles or more, on a given day. Long cars, or short cars, omnibuses, and carts, all had to be requisitioned; but the arrangements I had necessarily to leave in the hands of my local assistants.

After arranging matters with the committee in London and in Liverpool, and (thanks to Mr. Melly) with the Beaver Company for two vessels to call at Galway during the ensuing month, the one for two hundred and fifty and the other three hundred and fifty families, I returned to Galway on the 26th of April in time to receive the first consignment of Connemara emigrants.

It was, of course, needful that having so long a land journey to take, the emigrants should leave Clifden or other portions of the union the day previously to the sailing of the steamer. And it may well be understood how, the morning after my return to Galway, the telegram from Mr. Burke, "Emigrants left Clifden in good spirits and with cheers at eight this morning," was a great relief. But this was only one contingent, others were to meet the Clifden party from Renvyle and Roundstone, and Recess was appointed as the rendezvous. Here, again, although there were one or two missing sheep, and others had been put in their places, owing to their extreme anxiety to leave, the telegram came, "All are leaving at the time appointed." It was a genuine April day. Heavy squalls of wind and hail swept over the mountains of Connemara, and drenched many to the skin. But at the last halting-place, sixteen miles from Galway, I had arranged that they should be supplied with tea, etc., etc., and again my indefatigable assistant telegraphed, "All right; hope to be in Galway at nine." Here lodgings had been provided, and it was late before each contingent with its weary horses came in and finally settled for the night. Some, indeed, who had charge of the baggage, did not arrive until early morning, and the rumble of carts in the street attracting my attention, I saw with the daybreak the last of the stragglers coming in.

The night, indeed, for those who superintended was a short one, for ship lists of passengers and lists for the kind Philadelphia friends who have so willingly responded to my appeal for assistance on the arrival of the emigrants in America, had to be prepared, and many other points had to be considered. The sailing of the vessel was later on the following day than

anticipated, and it was not until about four that the tug was under way which had to convey the emigrants to the Allan s.s. "Austrian," lying in the harbor nearly a mile away.

The confusion attending the sailing of these steamers from Galway is intolerable. Although there were a sufficient number of constabulary in the town to have kept a city in order, no effort was made. In addition to the two hundred Connemara men, women, and children, one hundred and fifty other emigrants were leaving. These and their numerous friends, together with their onlookers attracted by curiosity, combined to form a gathering, its numbers only equalled by its confusion. It was necessary at the last moment to make some final additions to the letters, lists, and instructions sent out with the ship, and under the protection of an umbrella I sat on one of the blocks of stone intended for the new harbor, using another for a table, the vast throng eddying round me like a whirlpool. At first some of the beggars (so numerous here) came asking for money; but convinced that I was in earnest when I bid them begone, some undertook the duty of special constables, and as each fresh beggar approached warned him off with the upbraiding appeal, "Cannot ye see that the gentleman is engaged and has nothing for ye?"

At length the bell of the tug gave its final ring, and they were off; and thus our first shipment of families, two hundred persons, was set forth on its voyage to the New World.

As the first of the two steamers engaged in Liverpool was to sail from Galway in a week, but little time was left for carrying out the multifarious arrangements connected with the bringing up of the larger contingent of three hundred for that boat. I had now, however, the advantage of the assistance of my friend Mr. Hodgkin, who shares with Mr. S. C. Buxton the office of Hon. secretary to the fund. Returning to Clifden we had four days of continuous work, frequently interrupted by the guardians, shopkeepers, and others who were opposed to the work. The mornings were spent in the board-room of the workhouse, where each applicant was seen, the lists verified, further inquiries made, the amount of clothing needed recorded, and subsequently the voucher for the amount to any shopkeeper in the town and one for the steamer also given.

Some of the guardians usually came and either consented or made objections to the names, as the case might be. I had asked several of them privately, as jointly interested in the work, to form a little committee for discussing the names, but as each seemed to have his own special object in view, this was not responded to, though they subsequently passed a minute complaining that this was not done! The usual objection to the departure of any family was that they owed them money. But how this was to be paid by people who, whether evicted or not, were three or four years in arrears for rent, and owed as much to the shops, it was hard to say. Certainly some were successfully squeezed by the sale of the little crops on the ground, or some pig, or articles of furniture. Some shopkeepers applied to me to pay off the debts; others absolutely forbade their debtors to leave until a settlement was effected.

During one of these days I had a call from my old friend Dean Manus, whose acquaintance I had made in 1847. Although very infirm in many ways, his memory generally is good, and he retains much of the eloquence for which he was remarkable, addressing the guardians on the importance of co-operating in the work of emigration, of which he heartily approved.

Now and then a neighbouring priest called, or sent a few names for whom he wished to claim attention, or the medical officers who took a warm interest in the work. On one occasion a deputation of shopkeepers waited upon me with an address, to which I listened with all due respect; and, having the list in hand to which they objected, I begged them to point out the names of those objected to. After carefully scanning it, one was selected as unsuitable, etc., etc., and I carefully made a note of it; but, after further inquiries, I was informed by the party complaining that the person challenged was not the man he supposed.

At length, however the difficulties were again overcome; the lists closed, the clothing distributed, and each relieving officer told off to his work with the number of the contingent he was required to have ready on the following day. Late in the evening I drove the thirty-five miles to Oughterard, changing horses once by the way. To any one visiting Connemara, let me recommend the cleanliness and simple hospitality of the little inn at Oughterard kept by Miss Murphy. To

have a welcome, however late you may arrive, is not universal.

The agent of the Beaver Line was waiting at Galway when I arrived the following morning, the 5th of May. The "Nepigon," he told me, was expected in the harbor by five the next morning, and, under these circumstances, it was no small satisfaction to see our little army arriving, and to know that most of them were safely in their lodging between eight and ten o'clock. The lists which had been prepared for the steamer and sending abroad showed that there were fifty-eight families and a number of single persons, making a total of three hundred and forty-five persons, young and old.

The following are the chief places to which they were booked: Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Detroit, New York State, and others to less-known places in the United States and to Toronto in Canada.

At an early hour the following day the streets of Galway were alive with groups of emigrants, many, probably, surveying the quaint old capital of their county for the first and last time.

Happily, Galway was still asleep; and, beyond a few early risers and officials, the only crowd on the quay on that bright cool morning consisted of our own people. They were in excellent spirits. Some were, no doubt, anxious about the places to which they were going, and as they could not read I had many requests that I would give them my assurance that the ticket was "all right" — "we are dependent solely on your honor." A few wished to have their destinations exchanged, even at the last moment; and in one or two cases Mr. Wilson, the agent of the company, with great courtesy complied with my request on their behalf. I went off to the steamer with the first party, as the tug required two journeys to take the number, assisted by Father Stephen, whom I had met in Mayo in 1880, and who, hearing of the work going on, had kindly come over from Athenry to offer his services. In addition to the captain and officers, who did their utmost to assist in every way, Mr. Melly had allowed his head clerk, Mr. Tillman, to come round in the steamer, and to him we were indebted for the very efficient arrangement and berthing of the emigrants in the portion of the vessel specially devoted to the Galway people.

Before leaving the quay I had noticed that some of the emigrants, notwithstanding

ing the allowance of 3*l.* to 5*l.* per family for clothing, were very insufficiently clad, and it was needful to obtain a further supply for those most in want of it.

It took four hours to complete the embarkation, though all worked with a will; and the people, with a few rare exceptions, showed throughout their grateful sense of the kindness which was shown them. I did not hear a single "wail" as we left the ship; but before she steamed out a multitude of hand-shakings and blessings were showered upon me, and three cheers rang across the bay. To those who have seen—perhaps the most piteous scene one can witness—the parting, probably forever, of near relatives at some Irish railway station, it may seem very remarkable that I can make such a statement. Nevertheless, it is true. Doubtless, the absence of evident sorrow largely arose from the fact that the people were not separated—that father and mother and children were leaving together, that the great principle was acknowledged that they ought not to be so separated. But I cannot think that this was all. As some one remarked to me, "It is as though the people were flying from a doomed city." The full conviction had come upon them that it was impossible longer to struggle with the depth of poverty by which they had been surrounded. When asked to emigrate they would sometimes say, "Send us, your honor, where you like, only let us go." I confess, frequently as I have heard it during the few last days, it has brought before me a sense of the depth and intensity of quiet, long-borne penury which no words can describe. There are many who must have thought that the responsibility of removing so many families must have been felt to be a very serious one. Such, doubtless, it is, and always will be.

It may seem an appropriate place to say here that before the meeting of March 31, when it seemed probable that some subscription would be raised to assist emigration, I had written to a personal friend in Philadelphia, who had joined me in the autumn of 1880 whilst making inquiries in Minnesota and Manitoba, to ask for his co-operation in the work, claiming the fulfilment, in a large sense, of a promise jokingly given by him and others, that when I arrived with my "ragged regiment" we should have a breakfast given us on landing. The answer had come a few days before the sailing of the first shipment, even fuller than I anticipated:

"It will be my special privilege to do any and every thing in my power to forward the movement, as until June 20 I shall be more than usually in command of my time, and either here or by travelling I am ready for whatever lies in my power to do." With such willing co-operation to depend upon, much of the anxiety attending upon the movement of families, so far as regards the numbers we might be able to assist, was thus removed; and though a little out of date, I may add that this promise has been more than fulfilled, and that in personally meeting and arranging for the emigrants more than we could have asked has been done. For those who went to Canada we had also the willing co-operation and assistance of the Canadian government through their agents in Quebec or Toronto, etc., and both in this and in other ways the committee are under much obligation, as well as to Sir A. Galt and Mr. Colmer, the secretary of the Canadian government.

*April 7.*—The news of the dreadful tragedy in Phoenix Park broke upon us in Galway, bringing home, in most unmistakable language, the power and malignity of the secret organizations which in this country undermine the very basis of all order and true liberty. It recalled to me the striking words of a Galway man shortly after the assassination of President Garfield, who, referring to the undiscovered murders in the north of the county, remarked: "Sir, though the murderers are known from K—to T—, no one will give evidence. It seems to matter not who it is they kill—kings, emperors, people, priest, or peasant—one would suppose they had forgotten there was a God in heaven."

On the Monday following circumstances led to a visit to Dublin which impressed me deeply with the almost universal alarm and horror which this unparalleled crime had caused, reminding me faintly of Paris on the first day of the outbreak of the Commune, after the murder of the generals in the garden of the Maire of Montmartre.

Joined in Dublin by Major Gaskell, who had travelled from Dresden to take part in the work, and whose labors on behalf of the Duchess of Marlborough's committee have earned for him the gratitude and love of the Connemara people, we returned once more to the scene of our former labors. To relate the story of the preparations for the third shipment of emigrants would, with slight variation,

be merely to repeat the previous one. In place of three hundred we had more than four hundred people to gather from sea-shore or mountain hamlet, and to clothe them and provide for their transport to the vessel; but though only a fortnight was before us, Major Gaskell's experience and personal knowledge of the district made the almost impossible task practicable. One or two incidents, however, connected with it may be briefly touched upon. That which was of the greatest importance, so far as the work in hand was concerned, was that the opposition of a portion of the members of the Clifden Board came to a head by the resolution being carried by a majority to rescind the former resolution to borrow the sum of 2,000*l.* for the purpose of emigration. The advances hitherto made for emigration from the fund having been based upon the previous resolution and the actual application by the union to the Local Government Board for the loan, with a written engagement to pay the amount when received to my account at the Clifden Bank, it may naturally be supposed that this conduct caused much annoyance and vexation both to the committee and myself. Up to this time the amount expended by the committee, including the present shipment, did not materially exceed the sum promised for assistance to this union. This amount was 5,000*l.* And, after all, it was to the poor people around that its effects were most serious. It compelled me at once to reject large numbers already on the lists, many of whom had been expecting to be assisted by this or subsequent sailings. If the 2,000*l.* promised by the union had been paid, two hundred and fifty more families would have been assisted abroad. This was the more to be regretted, owing to the daily numbers of fresh applications received, especially from the persons affected by the numerous evictions which were going on from day to day in this union. As it may be surmised that the evictions had in some cases resulted from the possibility of the tenants being emigrated, it may be well to state that the processes were obtained long before I visited the district. In visiting the cottages for the purpose of satisfying ourselves as to the suitability of the applicants, we more than once came upon the evicting parties. The police patrols on the road and others engaged with the sheriff indicated the nature of their employment. To walk up to one of these

cottages, where the furniture was lying scattered in confusion about, and the family barely recovered from the previous excitement, was truly a pitiable sight. It was some satisfaction to find that in all cases where illness or special causes arose the families had been allowed to remain as "caretakers."

"Yes, it is dreadful work," said a magistrate to me at the close of a long day, "especially when one feels assured that not one in ten could pay any rent."

Again, I will venture to say, whatever may be the sins and shortcomings of these poor people, that it is the absolute and bounden duty of the government, and certainly more politic and expedient, to pass and enforce some law by which all suitable families who have been evicted without the means of paying rents shall have, side by side with the offer of the workhouse, the offer also of the means to emigrate. I exclude, of course, those who dishonestly withhold the rent they are able to pay.

I was painfully impressed on more than one occasion during these later inquiries with the fact that the entire absence of means extended to a higher class of tenants than I had supposed.

Driving from Glendalough to Clifden a respectably-dressed man, with a roll of native frieze under his arm, earnestly entreated me to buy it of him. He had made it for his own use, but he was compelled to sell it to buy meal. Not wishing to carry it with me, I told him to meet me on my return in the evening. It was, however, nearly ten before we were able to do so, and of course too late to enter upon this important transaction! He would bring it to me next morning; and before breakfast he had walked in the four or five miles with his bundle. Wishing to know the cause of his earnestness to sell his frieze, for which he asked a very moderate price, he gave me the following story:—

P. C. was a tenant holding under Mr. B—. Early in the year a notice of eviction for non-payment of rent was served on him, as on many others. He owed about three years and had not the means to pay. Selling a small heifer for 5*l.*, he had in addition to borrow 8*l.* from a shopkeeper to pay the 8*l.* rental and 3*l.* 15*s.* expense "of process," and for the loan of the 8*l.* for six months—which was payable in August—he had to pay 4*l.*! Thus the rent of 8*l.* would be all but doubled by the law expenses and usury demanded.

The cloth, the produce of his sheep's-wool, had been woven for his own use, but he was

compelled to sell it to buy meal, and must go on without new clothes this year. He hoped to struggle on, and did not ask to be emigrated.

The ill-advised purchase of one piece of frieze led to my having over fifty applications. The quality of the frieze and its finish and neatness of color varied in proportion to the character of the maker. Some was remarkably strong and good, and the short lengths finished with much care. This frieze was really "all wool," and varied in price from 3s. 6d. to 5s. per yard according to quality, of which the owner was very quick in forming a judgment. It is almost needless to say that the cloth thus offered was not the work of the very poorest, who possessed no sheep, but from a rather better class, with farms up to 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  a year. Why should not this homely manufacture be encouraged? Is it too much to ask that those who perpetually cry "Ireland for the Irish" should clothe themselves in Irish homespun, or is it too small and too practical a bit of work for the patronage of the "Irish Association for the Promotion of Irish Manufactures"?

"Will you not buy one sovereign's worth?" said a remarkably fine-looking and fairly-clad Connemara woman of forty to me one day. "No, my good woman, you see I have already enough to clothe half the town I live in," was my reply. "Not one pound's worth, sir?" she again repeated, with a sweet, sad smile on her face. "And see," she said, "I have put a little bright color into it; I thought it would look neater." How could such an appeal be resisted? "But," I asked, "why are you so pressing? you are not like many of those around us without shoes or decent clothing." "No," she replied, "but I want the meal for the children. My rent was 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; and I had to sell the cows and all I could to pay this and the cost of the process, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  15s., and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  for the valuer who had to bring the case into court. But the court has come and gone, and nothing is done yet!"

On the 20th of May the "Winnipeg" steamed into Galway harbor for the third and largest contingent of Connemara emigrants, numbering four hundred and twenty persons, who had, with the invaluable aid of Major Gaskell, been gathered together, by car or omnibus or hooker, and were now in readiness for the steamer. Punctual to her time, at five the following morning her steam-whistle told us that she was in the bay—that all hands

were needed. It is not needful to describe that which is involved in the collection from the lodging-houses, the exchange of tickets, the transfer of so many men, women, and children from the tug to the steamer, and the final shakedown on board. Suffice it to say, that with the aid of Major Gaskell, two Dublin gentlemen who became interested in the work, and gave us much valuable help, the officers of the ship, and our own hard-working assistants, it was done after six hours' strenuous toil, and again with cheers the emigrants left the harbor. Through the kindness of Father Nugent, of Liverpool, the Rev. J. O'Donnell, R. C. chaplain of the Liverpool workhouse, had been induced to take charge of them.

I may perhaps be allowed here to say, that in any future work which may be carried on I would most strongly advise, on all accounts, the shipment of smaller numbers. Batches of not more than ten or fifteen families at the utmost should be sent out. The doing so would lessen the great strain on this side, and at the same time reduce the chances of any difficulty in finding employment in America, which the larger numbers may cause.

With the Connemara people also a few families left who had come from the Newport union; but, as already indicated, owing to the absence of any real or *expected* local assistance, the number assisted from either Newport or Belmullet was insignificant, as it would undoubtedly have also been from Clifden but for the promised aid and co-operation of the union. This result has made more manifest than any words can do the inability of the people to help themselves in the matter of emigration. For these districts, if the families really needing it are to emigrate, the means for so doing must be nearly if not wholly provided from other sources.

There were instances in preparing the lists in which, from evidence supposed to be reliable, the sum was required from the intended emigrant for the supply of the needful clothing before he was allowed to proceed; and I believe I am correct in saying that wherever this was enforced the intended emigrant did not leave. He could not, after satisfying the shopkeeper's claims, find the amount.

To many the question of the cost of the work undertaken will be of interest, and it has a real bearing upon any future work which may be undertaken.

The following are the particulars:—



No. 1 *Shipment.* — 31 families; 152 fares; 201 men, women, and children.

*Per Austrian.*

	£	s.	d.
Ocean passage . . . . .	885	0	0
American railway fares . . . . .	125	0	0
Conveyance, etc., to Galway . . . . .	75	0	0
Clothing . . . . .	125	0	0
Lodgings, outfit for ship and sands . . . . .	55	0	0

	1,265	0	0
American expenses . . . . .	50	0	0

1,315 0 0

£6 11s. 8d. per person.

No. 2. 58 families; 260 fares; 345 persons.

*Per Nepigon.*

Ocean passage . . . . .	1,050	0	0
American railway fares . . . . .	405	10	3
Conveyance to Galway, etc. . . . .	154	4	6
Food, lodging, etc. in Galway . . . . .	40	0	0
Outfits in Liverpool . . . . .	73	6	1
Clothing (less gift 70s.) . . . . .	158	10	6
American expenses . . . . .	200	0	0

2,081 11 4

Say £6 os. 8d. per head.

No. 3. 75 families; 356 fares; 432 men, women, and children.

*Per Winnipeg.*

Ocean fares . . . . .	1,447	0	0
American railway fares . . . . .	492	12	9
Conveying to Galway, food, lodging, etc. } (one sum) {	219	9	3
in Galway . . . . .	30	8	8
Clothing (less gift 30s. and 30s.) . . . . .	287	6	11
Liverpool outfit . . . . .	82	16	1
Expenses in America (say) . . . . .	250	0	0

2,809 13 8

Say £6 1s. 2d. per head.

In addition to these 978 persons, a few were assisted from Belmullet, and subsequently 240 others from Connemara, making a total of 1,260 men, women, and children. The total cost in round numbers being 7,700*l*.

Amidst the many scenes and recollections which crowd in upon me as I bring this record of seven weeks' work to a close, I must not forget to make some acknowledgment of the services and un-failing aid rendered by Mr. J. Burke, the clerk of the Clifden union. I think I may venture to say that without his hearty co-operation the work could hardly have been carried on, while his opposition would certainly have been fatal to it. It was perhaps the knowledge of this which led to the bitter tone adopted towards him by a portion of the guardians, culminating in the passing of a resolution calling upon him to resign; but neither this, nor personal abuse, nor threatening letters from

one or two persons, who, wishing to emigrate, had been refused on the ground of unsuitability, could deter him from promoting that which he felt to be the only chance of escape from the poverty around.

Nor must I forget to notice the assistance rendered by my temporary assistant, Mr. Peter King, who by night or day was ever ready for the work.

The question is often asked, for how many persons, roughly speaking, is it requisite that funds should be provided for emigration? It is a question which must necessarily be answered with considerable hesitation if actual numbers are demanded, but so far as this experiment enables us to give any reply, we think the following data may assist in arriving at a conclusion.

There are in the western counties so frequently referred to, from four to five hundred thousand persons living on seventy-seven thousand holdings at or under 4*l*. valuation, many of the rents being 1*l*. to 3*l*.; a large proportion of these are unable to maintain themselves decently on the produce of the land they hold, and have little if any wages from local employment. We are thus brought face to face with an amount of poverty requiring most serious attention, and far beyond the power of any private association to relieve. It is not intended to urge that this number must be assisted to emigrate. Taking Clifden union, with a population of about twenty thousand who are living on holdings under 4*l*., (out of twenty-five thousand persons) as an example, it was found that one-fifth ought to leave! As there are only six other unions in the district included in the above number equally poor with Clifden, we think it might be safe to take one-sixth of the whole: or say, sixty-six thousand if taken at four hundred thousand, or at eighty-three thousand if at five hundred thousand. Taken broadly at seventy-five thousand, it would need, at 6*l*. 10s. per head, a sum approaching half a million.\* To remove so large a number must, however, be a work of time, and it would be absolutely needful to make arrangements for their proper reception and employment in the colonies and the United States.

When writing on this subject a short time ago without actual experience to guide me, I ventured to make the following suggestions in reference to these districts: —

\* Any calculation based upon imperfect data must necessarily be liable to correction. But after much thought and local inquiry extending over some months, the above cannot, I think, be far from the mark.

1st. That greater facilities should be given to all unions throughout Ireland for borrowing for emigration purposes by extending the time for repayment of loans from seven to twenty-five years, or even longer, with a rate of interest not exceeding 3 per cent.

2nd. That in all cases of eviction in which admission to the union is offered to the tenant, it should be compulsory to give (to suitable families) side by side with this the offer of emigration, chargeable, as at present, on the electoral division in which the tenant resides.

3rd. That it is needful in certain well-known impoverished unions (about twenty in number), extending along the western shores of Donegal, Mayo, Galway, or other unions in Connaught, and portions of Clare and Kerry, to provide from the Treasury, either by loan without interest to be repaid in thirty years, or by free grant, or partly by grant and partly by loan, the sum of 100,000*l.* for five years for emigration.

Subsequent experience has confirmed the opinion that this amount is really needed to be so spent, but it has also strengthened the conviction that the money must be a grant in several unions,\* and not a loan, and that the control of the work should be entrusted to an emigration commission.

Would it not be possible, by way of a prompt commencement, in addition to giving, in the Arrears Bill now before Parliament, every facility to landlords and tenants who may mutually wish to devote moneys advanced for arrears to the purposes of emigration, also to insert a clause to meet those cases which will undoubtedly arise of tenants who from extreme poverty are unable to comply with the terms upon which relief from arrears is to be given, and who will therefore remain liable to eviction, by empowering the lord-lieutenant, through such agencies as he may deem desirable, to expend say 200,000*l.* in facilitating emigration under proper conditions — utilizing in fact the dead letter of the emigration clause? Surely the experience gained in dealing with these cases promptly, as from day to day the need might arise, would be exceedingly valuable in preparing the way for the further and more complete dealing

with this many-sided and important question.

Having said this, I wish again to draw attention to the absolute necessity, whatever plan may be adopted, of carrying it out with the greatest caution and consideration, as regards the preparation and arrangements for the settlement of families of emigrants. Without this I cannot think that any emigration ought to be assisted by the State or private associations.

It is especially so in regard to the emigration of families. Had no preparation been made for the families assisted "by the fund" whether by private hands in the States or by the agents of the Canadian government in Canada, our work would have been largely a failure. Even with every precaution and arrangement one must not be surprised to find, in dealing with people so poor and helpless, that some persons or families assisted have drifted into the dregs of the population, or be disappointed if we hear, where so much depends in the future on the character and willingness of the individual to work, that there is a proportion of failures.

What these arrangements should be, whether a revival of the scheme proposed by the Canadian government to the British government in the winter of 1880, or through other associations in Canada, or by an organization co-operating with the admirable arrangements at Castle Gardens in the United States, is beyond the limits of this paper to enter upon; only that it is absolutely needful if a really beneficial emigration is carried out does not admit of any doubt.

That there is ample work for an association such as that under whose auspices I have had the honor to work is as little to be doubted; and if it were possible that the personal dealings with the people assisted — such as the selection of families, the clothing required, the reception arrangements — could be so delegated, I believe much of the bitterness and cherished animosity which has so largely pervaded the minds of those who amidst infinite disadvantages have found their way to a more hospitable shore would vanish.

It is, I venture again to urge, the poverty of the people which is intimately associated with, if not the cause for, the agrarian crime which now exists in many districts. To whatever extent legislation can practically be directed to the removal of this poverty, in that degree shall we have removed the motive and incen-

\* I am well aware of the strong objection to the principle of grants — but it must be remarked that during the past two years it has been found needful to pay the arrears of debts or cancel loans of four of the unions of this district to the extent of nearly 25,000*l.*, viz. Belmullet, Newport, Swinford, Clifden, out of the Treasury grant for the Relief of Distress.

tive for outrage, and done more than all the measures, however much they be temporarily required, for its suppression in other ways.

J. H. TUKE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A HANSOM AMATEUR.

A TALE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

SOME people have a surprising talent for despising the ordinary amusements and occupations of life; and very fortunate creatures they are, for it is clear that more than their fair share of the amusement lurking about in odd corners of this labyrinthine universe has been given them to cause this satiety. Or perchance it may be truer to say that more amusement than they are able to assimilate has been offered to their mental palate.

Mark Forrester was one of these fortunate unfortunates: he seemed to have found everything out, and detected the hollowness of all things. Though a younger son, he was born afflicted with a fortune a year, and no compensating skeleton in his closet; and as he was neither a genius nor a scoundrel, he scarcely knew what to do with himself without the warm stimulus of necessary labor. He had not even the consolation of a hobby, nor the solace of being a fool. Of late he had taken to cab-driving, in which he found temporary refuge.

He was no common Mark: he was an honorable, and consequently a noble Mark, and had made his mark till he became a Mark of admiration in the pursuits most esteemed by the gilded youth of today. And he had even been marked with distinction in university lists. Naturally, he had received many marks of esteem from those members of the fair sex who no longer graced the arena of the ball-room on their own account, but on that of their young. He was the gilded mark at which the bold and wary hunter of the husband aimed with care. But he had as yet made no Mrs. Mark. Of all things, he hated conventionality, and he found the fair things of the drawing-room conventional to a fault. There were moments when, under the influence of this hatred, he even thought of eschewing the modern use of the tub, and putting it to the more comprehensive purposes of the Grecian sage—he who appropriated the sunshine. But in this the flesh—cradled,

as it were, in cold water—was weak. Besides, he dreaded the ruler of the unsavage Englishman, the British policeman.

At times he envied his brother, Lord Woodman, who, though little wealthier than himself, would, on the demise of Lord Grandveneur, their father, become a legislator of his country, and a large landowner, which, as the Honorable Mark knew, not only is a position of toil and difficulty, but also perhaps in a few years may be one of personal danger and stern oppression; for the example of grinding the faces of landlords has been set with some success.

It was near the hour when good, old-fashioned ghosts used to break churchyard, and good, old-fashioned fairies to begin their revels—the once witching but now too familiar hour of midnight—and Mr. Forrester had just left a theatre, where the afterpiece had been a burlesque on something—perhaps on "Paradise Lost." He was always expecting some enterprising pulpiteer to run up a burlesque church, and start a burlesque liturgy. From his experience of the public taste, he thought that the thing would draw.

Thus musing, he mounted the driving-seat of his private hansom. The groom was about to step inside, when a gesture from his master warned him to go home, and the hansom-driver started on his lonely and adventurous career. It is supposed that one of the sweet little cherubs who keep watch over the recklessness of English tars, schoolboys, and street infants, is told off to protect hansom cabs in London. Accidents do sometimes occur for all the cherub's care: these ought not to be called accidents but natural sequences, the safe journeys being the real accidents.

This private vehicle behaved as miraculously as its public fellows. It darted like lightning round abrupt corners; it wound a swift and sinuous course through densely packed vehicles going in five different directions at once at fifty different rates of speed; and it charged itinerant vendors' stalls and the forms of foot-passengers with the apparent purpose of cutting them in two, but relented in the very act, shaving these obstacles with the most delicate accuracy. The cabman, from his lofty elevation, surveyed such of mankind as were revealed by the artificial lights amid the natural, all-compassing darkness, with satisfaction: he was as happy as a Greek athlete, skilfully guiding his char-

not to the goal on the Olympic course, though neither parsley, beech, nor olive was to crown his happy brows. All along Piccadilly he flashed like a star, and then in the quiet by the Green Park one of those dramas which the streets so frequently offered him began to unfold itself. A woman's form, closely pursued by that of a man, fled swiftly over the pavement; and when the pursuer gained upon her, she uttered a panting cry. A policeman was apparently studying astronomy just within sight.

On the impulse of the moment, the cab was driven to the kerb, and stopped close to the fugitive, who, as if the movement had been foreseen and fore-ordered, at once jumped in and shut the doors, with a panting but superfluous "Drive on!" and the honorable cabby, keenly interested in his fare, and ignorant whether he were assisting in a tragedy or a comedy, flicked his high-bred steed, and plunged into the dark distance of night. "So swiftly," he mused, "did the gloomy king of shades ravish his fresh bride from the flowery meads of Enna!"

But as he was not prepared for the reception of a Persephone in the realms of which he was king, he presently drew up, and opening the trap-door, asked, "Where to, mum?"

A very pale face, not particularly pretty, and still bearing the infantile sweetness of early youth, looked up. "Is he gone?" she cried, — "quite gone?"

"Half a mile behind, mum," he replied, in a reassuring tone; and received an address which put his London topography to the test. However, after threading a tangled maze of streets for a quarter of an hour or so, he landed his charge at the gate of a small villa, which had been left behind by mistake in an ugly, quiet street of great new dismal houses.

"One moment, cabman, please," said the young lady, springing lightly to the pavement; "I have no change." And she ran in.

One would imagine that such an opportunity for vanishing unquestioned would have been gladly and promptly seized by an amateur cabman; but it was not so. Mr. Forrester had more than once before made himself useful to the British public in the capacity of cab-driver, and had frequently received a cabman's due, — coins which, when duly cleansed and polished, he treasured fondly in an ebony cabinet as the only money he had ever earned — and how sweet such money is, they who have won it only know. His charges were

regulated by the countenances of the fares rather than by the distances traversed, and thus some were not charged at all. And one, a young lordling of his acquaintance, gloriously tipsy and apostrophizing a lamp-post in the fondest terms, he had conveyed the length of a street for the sum of five pounds, — coins which he had returned, with their history and a timely sarcasm to the dismayed and contrite lad next morning.

Not one lady returned to reward the gallant cabman, but three, and that after some moments' delay. There was a lamp just over the gate of the little villa, and by its light he saw an elderly lady in a bonnet whom he at once recognized as Lady M'Whymper, his fare, and a taller girl with a woollen shawl thrown round her head and shoulders.

"Sixpence," he replied, in answer to the latter's question of how much.

"We don't want to impose on you, cabman," she said; "and however short the distance, nobody charges so little."

"Beg pardon, miss, I ain't nobody," returned the cabman, with more truth than she dreamed.

"Very true," she laughed, looking up in his face, which was a little above the lamplight, and muffled to the nose in a comforter assumed for the occasion. "But you ought to have a double fare for your kindness to my sister. She is young and easily frightened, and I am too much occupied to go about with her, as we are all working women. And I wanted to make an arrangement with you to take her to her singing engagements twice a week in future. But if you fleece yourself in this way, the thing will be impossible. However, as we are poor, and Maisie has hitherto walked home on that account, I thought that a permanent engagement might be contracted for; but nothing shall induce us to fleece honest men, even with their consent," she added, putting three sixpences into his hand.

The honorable cabman was a little startled at being nailed, as it were, on the spot, in consequence of his chivalrous succor of a forlorn damsel. It was, however, a fine opening for him, since his mind had of late been seriously exercised with regard to the advisability of driving a stage-coach, an omnibus, or an engine. So he quickly caught at the offer; and Lady M'Whymper, whom he knew as a canny Scotswoman and strict treasurer of pence, having suggested an outrageously small payment, he declared the sum to be a princely reward; and the bargain was

struck, not without hesitation on the part of the tall girl, who thought the price too small, and who was yet evidently so poor that she could not afford more. "I can't have Maisie exposed to such terrors," she mused aloud; "and yet I don't like to take advantage of this good cabman."

The earnest consultation of the two young ladies on the subject moved him, for he had never yet realized the tragic importance of a few shillings to people of narrow means. Pounds and shillings were to him and his fellows as the common rain and sunshine to ordinary humanity. His knowledge of the poor was theoretic and fragmentary, by no means experimental, and he had yet to become acquainted with the vast border of decent and even cultured and refined poverty that separates wealth from squalid want.

On starting with Lady M'Whymper he received a card from the taller sister with the name Olivia Winter, and the address Normandy Villa, Bromley Road, W., that he might not fail in his assignation on the following Tuesday, and drove off highly interested and deeply speculating upon the circumstances of his novel acquaintances, and concluding that Olivia was probably a needlewoman or former maid of Lady M'Whymper's, and that Maisie, his fare, was in training for the ballet or some supernumerary stage employment. With all that, it was strange of Lady M'Whymper to be there at that time of night.

His fears that the old Scotchwoman would recognize him were groundless. Having calculated the exact fare, and given him a few pence under it on her arrival at her lighted house, with its opened door and advancing servants, she was in far too great a hurry to get the door closed between herself and the injured cabby to bestow a glance either on him or his smart cab.

"Stebbing," said Mr. Forrester, when his groom stepped up to take the reins from his hand, "have the crest painted out of the cab to-morrow, and get me a set of plain single harness without any plating or ornament whatever."

"Certainly, sir."

#### CHAPTER II.

WHEN the appointed Tuesday came, Mr. Forrester, true to his word, drew up at the gate of Normandy Villa five minutes before the trysted hour, carefully got up in the cabman mode as to his extreme outer man, while an abstraction of

the cabman husk would have revealed a gentlemen in ordinary evening array.

His punctuality was rewarded. In answer to the bell, which was pulled by a passing arab, Olivia Winter came to the gate in the lamplight, patted the horse's neck with a slim white hand, on which Mr. Forrester detected the gleam of a diamond ring. "I am so sorry, cabman," she said kindly; "my sister will not be ready for at least ten minutes, and you really are a little before your time. I would ask you to come in, but of course you cannot leave your beautiful horse. I never saw so fine a creature between cabshafts before, though I know that a good deal of blood is sometimes to be found in hansom cattle. What is his name? Bright? Then you are on our side in politics. We are extreme Radicals. And your name? I hate to call people by their offices, as if they were mere machines. I recognize a brother in every man I meet, and think of his human'y rather than his accidental relations with myself."

"Mark Forrester, at your service, miss," he replied, touching his hat, not quite at his ease under the steady, frank gaze of the eyes beneath the woollen shawl.

"Mark — a nice manly name. Are you married, Forster?"

"Not exactly, miss."

"Not exactly? Trembling on the verge, Forster? I hope you will make a good choice. People don't reflect sufficiently before marrying, particularly when circumstances allow them to marry young and without difficulty. Now a cabman must find great comfort in a wife. But don't be in a hurry, Forster," she said earnestly; "don't give up your life for a bright eye and a pretty cheek. Make sure first that she is good."

Mr. Forrester smiled in his comforter. He had frequently before been lectured upon his matrimonial duties and prospects, but never by a being so young, so bright-eyed, and so disinterested. He liked new experiences.

"There's a good deal in that, miss," he replied, copying the intonation of the London million; "I'm blest if I don't turn it over in my mind."

"Do, Forster. And if you can manage it, bring her to see me, and I'll find out what she is made of. Women know women. I dare say you think that she is not quite in my class; but we have given up class distinctions, my sisters and I. We consider ourselves quite on an equality with you," she added, with a smile full



of innocent and unconscious condescension.

"Do you now, miss?" he returned, with evident surprise; "well, now, if that ain't queer! Rum, I call it." The idea of a working girl on the second floor of a little Cockney villa descending to social equality with an earl's son tickled him.

"Yes, I am plain Olivia Winter."

The cabman doubted it. Such a voice and such eyes could not belong to a plain woman, he was certain. However, he scarcely felt equal to expressing this opinion, and merely shook his head dissenting in the darkness.

"I care little for the conversation of gentlemen. They speak to women as if they were highly developed pussy-cats. I prefer talking to men like yourself — honest fellows whose life is too serious to be fooled away in idle things." He thought of his own aimless existence, and sighed. "What do you think of this war? You see the papers, I suppose, and have a vote, of course? And only think, I have none. Isn't it hard?"

"Things in general is rough upon women, miss. Howsomever, I shouldn't wonder if they was to pull the woman suffrage through Parlymint some of these days."

"Do you really think so, Forster? I am so glad. This is my sister, Geraldine Winter," she added, as a girl with a cup and saucer came tripping down to the gate, — "Mark Forster, Gerry."

Mr. Forster, by force of habit, lifted his hat in the usual way, to the great surprise of his friends.

"I have brought you a cup of coffee, Forster," said Miss Geraldine, with a frank smile. "Maisie is just coming. Would you prefer beer?"

Maisie, otherwise Margaret, then appeared, and was driven to her destination, which proved to be some well-known public rooms in which a concert was being held, and where the cabman had the pleasure of hearing his fare, who figured in the programme under a professional name, sing very artistically in a trained chorus, and once in a brief solo. Having driven her back to Normandy Villa, and having been cordially thanked, duly paid, and wished a pleasant good-night, he finished the evening at a brilliant ball, where the weariness of conventionality was specially borne in upon him.

"Are you a Radical?" he asked casually of Miss Mabel Coinless, after a turn in a waltz, during which it struck him that the lady's want of originality was surface-washed rather than ingrained.

"You are making fun of me, Mr. Forster. Are women ever anything?"

"I have recently had reason to believe that they are human beings, Miss Coinless."

"Really. Well, it is something to be allowed even that dignity." Mr. Forster looked thoughtfully at the lady's fan, which he held for some moments. She was one of ten daughters; and he knew, and she knew, and everybody knew, that the present object of her being was to secure a man of equal social standing and superior wealth to herself as husband. Then he looked at Miss Coinless, who was pretty and charming after the conventional pattern he abhorred.

"Are you perchance a woman's rights' woman?" he asked.

"Am I devoid of common sense?" she replied, dropping the conventional mask, "or are you?"

"Such women are not devoid of common sense," he objected.

"Did I say that they were? But to confess to such thoughts would be mere folly, particularly when on one's promotion," she added, with a bitter curl of the lip. "In the slave-market," she said in her heart.

"I doubt it. Honesty is a good thing —"

"For the free. Really, Mr. Forster," she added, once more assuming the smiling mask that the Spartan cruelty of society imposes upon women, "what nonsense we are talking! I promised merely to dance with you, not to say my catechism."

He took the hint and the lady, and whirled agreeably round in silence, musing upon the occult cause of the conventional mask that so vexed him. He made an advance that night in the knowledge of human nature. "The conventional woman," he affirmed, "is a sham. She is a sham because she is not free." Then he stood apart, and mused what figures Olivia, Geraldine, and Maisie would make in that gay scene! Happy girls! born to the noble independence of labor, and blissful exemption from conventional fetters! But what were they? He wondered how a cabman might respectfully arrive at some knowledge upon that subject.

In the mean time, life had ceased to be dull. The pleasant aroma of the cab-nights pervaded the rest of the week. His fare always chatted agreeably and frankly with him, though with an unconscious condescension which tickled him im-

mensely; and his curiosity was kept upon the stretch by the fact that beyond knowing that the three were working women, he could not tell the occupation of the two elder sisters, each of whom appeared from time to time, bringing him tea or coffee, and bits of carrot or sugar for the horse, and talked pleasantly upon general subjects, particularly politics and literature, in which last he had much ado to keep at a proper level of ignorance.

One night Olivia accompanied her sister to her destination. "I'm having a holiday, Forster," she laughed, "and I have really earned it. Do you ever have a holiday?"

"Well, miss," he returned, with some embarrassment, "there's a good deal of sameness in the cabman's life, to be sure."

"I do hope you have your Sundays at least," she said through the trap, which was frequently opened for conversational purposes, a proceeding that by no means diminished street dangers. "I often think," she added, blushing with eagerness on learning that his Sundays were free, "what an intelligent and well-informed man you are, and what a pity it is that your calling should prevent you from still further cultivating your mind. Now, Forster, as a friend, I should like to do what little I can for you; and if you would like to have lessons in French, Latin, Greek, or anything that I or my sisters know, we should be too happy to teach you of a Sunday evening — of course if you have no better engagement," she put in, remembering the matrimonial bonds into which the cabman was probably drifting.

The driver felt quite dizzy for a moment, and was thankful that he did not drop from his elevated perch. The idea of the girl knowing Greek, he thought, and proposing to teach him, of all men!

"Lord, miss, to think of your knowing Greek, now! That took my breath away, that did. I should like to have a try at Greek. I've heard it's the hardest of the lot, and one as you can't turn into ready money; and thinks I to myself, things that'll fetch no money is worth the most."

"Quite so. Why, Forster, you are a philosopher. You have chosen the leaden casket," returned his fare, with rapture.

"Maisie," she added, in a whisper, "I quite love this cabman. I do hope he won't marry that frivolous nurse-maid he is dreaming of."

Thus, before the cabman had had much

opportunity for reflection, the eager Olivia had engaged him to come to Normandy Villa on the following Sunday evening for his first Greek lesson; and after this he felt that he could not disappoint the ardent girl, whatever his opinion of the expediency of the arrangement might be.

On the following morning he appeared at the house of his brother, the Hon. and Rev. Alan Forrester, vicar of a large London parish, into which he threw all his youthful energies and large young heart.

"Alan," he said, entering the room in which his brother was snatching a hasty luncheon at a table piled with correspondence, reports, and statistics, to which he paid more attention than to the frugal meal before him, "I want to know all about your cabmen."

"My cabmen, honest fellows," replied the Honorable and Reverend young man, smiling, "would make a pretty stiff subject for a competitive examination. They can't be crammed in a minute, Mark. Look here, dear old boy — we have a big tea on to-morrow night. Suppose you come and give them a bit of a jaw afterwards. No, you needn't preach; your happy chaff will be just the thing for them. We have opened several new shelters, and are going to propose a self-supporting coffee-tavern, in which they shall have shares. Woodman and I give £50 to start them."

"I won't be outshone by Woodman; write me down for £60. But what I want to know is something of the social and domestic life of the genus cabman. I've made the discovery, Alan, that women and cabmen are human beings; and further, that while the universe contains human beings, it contains objects of interest."

"Ah, dear old boy! you would say so if you saw what I see daily. What will you have? Claret? Come round to the shelters with me this afternoon, and you shall see cabmen galore."

This Mr. Forrester did, picking up many choice flowers of speech on his way for future use; and he was touched to find the confidence reposed in his brother by these rough men, who all appeared to know him intimately, and a little crushed by a sense of his own superfluity. He also went to the tea, and studied the festive attire proper to cabmen. This he found to consist chiefly of a bath of pomatum for the hair, a good deal of necktie, and a large occasional flower in the coat; and all these he himself assumed

on the following Sunday. He made a very happy speech in the capacity of amateur cabman, magnified the difficulty and responsibility of the profession, alluded to the frequent newspaper reports of wife-beating, condemned the practice as unmanly as well as cruel, and declared that cabmen never appeared to answer such charges; upon which one or two looked out of the corner of their eyes in a sheepish way, not unmarked by their reverend friend.

"Alan," he observed, when the two were returning in the private hansom, "you are a Radical and a philanthropist, and a liberty and fraternity man, and everything you ought not to be, in short. What would you say if a man in my position were to marry a clever, well educated daughter of a — small tradesman?"

"I should say, Mark," returned the Honorable and Reverend leveller quickly, "that you were an unmitigated ass."

"And you would say right," mused the other. For blood is thicker than water.

#### CHAPTER III.

WHEN the evening dusk was gathering on the following Sunday, Mr. Forrester, arrayed from head to foot in such attire as he had observed upon the persons of younger cabmen, stood on the steps of Normandy Villa and knocked three slow, loud knocks on the door, feeling at the same time a succession of more aristocratic raps from within upon his own ribs.

The door was opened by a servant, who directed him to the second floor, upon the landing of which stood his hostess, all smiles to welcome him, though he observed that she did not offer her hand. He went through a good deal of puffing, and blowing, and scraping upon the mat in the narrow passage, and then entered a pretty little room, plainly furnished, but abounding in photographs, prints, and other objects of art, and having some tastefully arranged fresh flowers here and there. An easel and a piano stood in different parts of the room; it was full of books, and tea was laid upon the table.

It was the first time that he had seen the three sisters indoors and in a full light, and he was struck by their grace, and the easy manner in which they did the honors of their simple home. Neither of them was exactly pretty. Geraldine was a slim, graceful girl, with large, clear eyes, a bright manner, and a ready turn of speech; she was dressed in the high-art style, and looked like a picture. Olivia

was the tallest of the three: she had a certain commanding air that went well with her impetuous speech and noble stature; her eyes were bright, her face sparkled with intellect, and there was a singular charm in her manner which the cabman was unable to resist. Maisie was smaller, younger, and less intellectual than her sisters, while in her lips the sweet voice common to all three became superlatively sweet. It would have been evident to a less acute perception than Mr. Forrester's, that the three were ladies whose breeding was equal to any occasion.

He sat on the extreme edge of a chair as near the door as possible, and deliberately got into difficulties with his hat in a sufficiently comic manner, which evoked no smile from the bright lips of the sisters, although their eyes were not unexpressive of mirth. Geraldine, however, suggested a place of repose for the hat upon a chair: he felt that her manner in doing so would have put the clumsiest real cabman at his ease in a moment.

"You will have some tea, won't you, Forster?" Geraldine asked, pouring out the perfumed drink. "Greek is dreadfully dry to begin upon, whatever my sister may say, especially when one is grown up. Have you a father? And is he a cabman too? Perhaps he is old, and you support him, or help to do so?"

"We want to hear all about your people," added Olivia, with her usual earnestness, "and then we will tell you all about ourselves."

Thus the cabman was led to confess a father, whose profession was that of gamekeeper, though he had now retired from active business, and was fairly well off. On being pressed as to his present occupation, he said that he kept pigs, and a cow or two on a bit of land of his own, all of which was literally true.

"I wonder, Forster, that you didn't follow your father's calling, which is a very pleasant one," said the innocent Olivia, with the earnestness which made him long to speak to her as one with equal pretensions to culture with herself might have done.

"My eldest brother, he had the first chance, and took to the gamekeeping," he explained; upon which Olivia made some reflections on the far-reaching injustice of primogeniture, which thus poisoned the happiness even of young gamekeepers.

"Has he a sister, has he a brother?" sang Maisie softly, while Geraldine gave

her a merry look, during the temporary submergence of the cabman's comely face in the saucer of tea, which he held in the style affected at his brother's big tea, carefully drawing the back of his hand across his lips afterwards.

"Yes, Miss Geraldine," he said, "I've got another brother. His name's Alan. He's a preacher. And a sister, name of Jane. No, she ain't married. She lives 'long with father and mother."

"And milks the cows, and helps feed the pigs?" asked Olivia.

Mark nodded his head. He knew that Lady Jane had a pet dairy, and had once boasted to him of having mastered the art of milking, so that things were very pleasant with his conscience.

"Do have some more cake. It does one good to see an honest working man eat," said Olivia. "We are sorry not to be able to keep you in countenance; but you see our work is sedentary, and after all, we are only women."

The cabman shuddered; but he remembered the performances of his professional brethren at the tea, and manfully attacked a fourth huge slice of cake.

"How nice it must be for you to have this sweet country home to think of!" continued Olivia. "And your brother, the preacher—I should like to hear him: such peasant preachers are truly apostolic, whatever you may say to the contrary, Gerry dear. And George the gamekeeper, and Jane milking her cows. We shall soon know them all for friends. And now about ourselves."

"I am a painter," said Geraldine; "I make my living chiefly by designs. My sisters call me a designing woman. These cups and saucers are my work. Maisie's calling you know."

"And I," said Olivia, with the frank smile that was rapidly turning her guest's head, "am as yet little better than a drone. I am studying for a London university degree, and bringing a little grist to the mill in the mean time by giving lessons and writing."

"O Lord!" exclaimed the cabman, "to think now of fine-bred ladies doing that! Excuse me, miss, but you wasn't brought up to work. A cabman sees a good many ladies, and gets to know the real grit."

The sisters looked at each other, and burst into a merry laugh.

"Don't betray us, Forster," cried Olivia; "I knew you would find us out. But will you promise on your honor as a—*a true man*—to keep our secret? Well, then, the fun of it is, that we need

not earn our living at all. We each have a tiny fortune of our own, though far too small for the station in which we were born. We have run away from our friends in order to lead a rational life."

"We hated idleness," said Maisie.

"We hated conventionality," added Geraldine.

"And we hated shams," continued Olivia, with a flushing cheek. "Our parents are dead, Forster, and we ran away from our brother and the trustees of our property, who wished to dictate our way of life to us. So we just wrote a note saying that we were off to Berlin under assumed names to teach English, and that they need trouble themselves no more about us. We did go to Berlin, but soon came back, convinced that London is the only place big enough to hide in—and here we are. Our name is De Wynter, spelt with a y, and our brother is Lord Northwynd. Our father was a baron, so we put honorable before our names. Northwynd tried to force Geraldine into a marriage, and he entered into negotiations with a certain Lord Grandveneur—a much greater lord than my brother, Forster—to marry me—*me* indeed!—to a son of his, the Hon.—what was his name, Gerry?—something Forrester. That is our story, Forster."

"Thank 'ee, miss. I won't let it out. I'm game. I suppose this here Forrester wasn't much in the way of a husband?"

"He was not, Forster. But that was not the point. It was the indignity of being offered to him, and the deeper indignity of being told to accept his advances. He was coming to stay at Northcourt when we fled. He would have trotted me out, Forster, and looked at my points and my paces; and then, perhaps, he would have trotted me back again. I! who never mean to marry at all—who will subject myself to no man's tutelage!"

"Seems to me it was rough on this here lord's son," observed Mark, who now distinctly recalled the invitation to Northcourt, and Lord Grandveneur's mystic discourse upon the duties of matrimony and the charms of Olivia De Wynter.

"Not in the least. He was better without a wife. A poor creature, Forster, with no profession, no duties, ever so much money, and devoted solely to his own amusement. A wife, forsooth, was to steady him, and keep him out of mischief, his father and Northwynd thought." Here Mark Forrester, little as he was given to admire his own moral rectitude, could not help thinking that the idea of

Lord Northwynd seeking to keep *him* out of mischief was rather good. "When a man needs a wife to keep him steady, he is good for nothing."

"What could the poor chap have done, miss? I often pity them rich lords' sons, brought up with nothing to do and their victuals found."

"Nothing to do! Why, Forster, half the best work in England is done by rich men for nothing. But we have chatted too long. Now for Greek. Geraldine is going to evensong, and Maisie has her book. I hope you won't be discouraged by the queer forms of Greek letters. One soon gets used to them."

Of all tongues Mark Forrester loved Greek, and of all tongues he knew it best. Like De Quincey, he could have harangued an Athenian mob better than many men can speak to an English one. Thus, with a little care, he was able to conceal his perfect knowledge, and yet to shine as a pupil. He had fallen in love with Olivia during the first cup of tea, and quite irretrievably, as he acknowledged with sorrow, before the revelation of her parentage. But everybody who has experienced a precipitation into this sort of madness, well knows that it has no bottom; so that the victim, once plumped into it, may go on falling forever and ever, unless drawn back or suspended by some opposing force. Every time Mr. Forrester looked at his teacher's earnest, sparkling eyes, or met her sweet, patient smile, he received a fresh downward impulse which lowered him at least a fathom, so that by the time the lesson was ended, he was in very deep indeed; and what with this affliction, and the amount of sweet solid cake he had consumed, he was strung to a high pitch of misery.

Olivia heaved a deep sigh of weariness as she shut the book. "I never had such a pupil before," she said, smiling him a couple of fathoms deeper down. "How I long to introduce you to Homer and Æschylus! You may perhaps have heard of Helen and Troy, and the wanderings of Ulysses?"

"I've been taking the liberty of thinking about that there brother of yours, miss," replied Mark, evading this question as dangerous. "Now if I had the charge of three young women under age, and they sloped, I should be in Queer Street, sisters or not."

"My dear Forster, we are all over age," laughed Olivia; "and why should we be in anybody's charge? We are free women, the citizens of a free country, and our

English blood boils at the thought of restraint. Besides," she added, with a bitterness that recalled certain episodes in Northwynd's career to her listener, "we have no vices to repress — we neither drink, bet, nor spend what we don't possess."

Mark smiled to himself. He was acquainted with Lord Northwynd, and had a shrewd suspicion that such failings in himself would appear to the young nobleman as virtues in comparison with his sisters' heinous wickedness in having a cabman to tea with them. No one knew better than he that men may commit every iniquity short of invading each other's purses, and be blameless, while women may not infract the most arbitrary convention without ruin.

"Livy and I are twins," said Geraldine, who had now come in from service. "We are twenty-four. Maisie is twenty-two. Don't you think we are old enough to refuse to marry unless we please, and to decline to countenance any husband-hunting on our account?"

Here the chivalrous cabman ventured to observe, with some diffidence, that he should have thought the ladies would have been called upon to enact the part of ardently chased prey rather than of hunters.

"Ah, Forster, how little you know of the miseries of the upper classes! In your fortunate circles a man looks to a wife as to a prize. But these men of rank and fortune walk into a crowded drawing-room like sultans, and know that they can pick where they like. However, we have renounced class distinctions now, and are going to do our best to bring the mouldering old social fabric crashing to the ground."

"Lord! what a dust it will make, Miss Geraldine!" observed the cabman tranquilly.

When he was gone, Olivia threw her arms round Geraldine's neck and kissed her. "Only think!" she exclaimed, with rapture, "we have a real live cabman, a mere son of the people, for our friend."

"It's delicious," added Maisie, "and so comfortable. We can be as friendly as ever we like, because no one could possibly fall in love with a cabman."

"And the cabman?" asked Geraldine, with a pensive air.

"Oh, my dear!" laughed the Radical and Socialist Olivia, with a look that betrayed all the blue blood of all the proud De Wynters, "he would never dare aspire to that height. Besides, we have the advantage of not being pretty."



## CHAPTER IV.

THE amateur cabman rushed home, tore off his disguise, and puffed fiercely at a cigar to assist his meditations. The only solace for such a misfortune as falling in love is a similar mischance to the cause of such dolor. The question now arose how to entangle poor Olivia in the meshes of such a bewilderment. He thought of Miss Hardcastle, and decided that a neat waiting-maid is a far more fascinating object than a Sunday cabman disguised in pomatum and false English. He remembered Zeus—the various disguises in which he had won the hearts of feminine mortals; but he doubted if even Zeus, in the guise of a cabman, would have made much impression upon the delicate female fancy. As for carrying on a regular siege in his proper person to Miss Olivia, that was quite out of the question after her expressed opinion upon his character. Besides, he had learned a good deal more than the Greek alphabet that evening: to see himself in other people's eyes (a thing that rarely ministers to vanity); to understand something of the position of women from their own point of view; and finally, to arrive at some solution of the dark mystery of husband-hunting, that last degradation of civilized humanity. How he envied Olivia her decided convictions! What would he give to share them! He would then no longer be a drone. Olivia in his position! What a world of good or of mischief she would do!

He had some thoughts of taking Lady Jane into his confidence; but unfortunately, Lady Jane, though one of the sweetest of human beings, had never yet thought for herself, and was governed by maxims and prejudices the most antiquated. She would certainly condemn the rebellious De Wynters. Meanwhile the cab-driving and Greek lessons went merrily on, and Mr. Forrester loved Sunday as dearly as the hero of "Sally in our Alley." Like most persons afflicted with love, his principal solace was to aggravate his malady, and he took a melancholy satisfaction in feeling much worse every Sunday. But every affliction has its consolation; and however deeply one may be in love, it is a comfort to think that it can only be with one person at a time: thus the blow having once descended, there is nothing more to fear. He was able, therefore, to study human nature, as revealed in Geraldine and Maisie, without dreading any pernicious conse-

quences. He even consoled himself for the sublime misery of which Olivia was the innocent cause, by the opinion of the great Goethe, that to be in love with a woman is the only successful way of studying female character; though Goethe's affliction was always temporary, and though he usually contrived that that of the woman should be permanent, thus securing himself noble opportunities for human vivisection.

Now Lady M'Whymper was a distant kinswoman of Mr. Forrester's, and she frequently reproached him for visiting her so rarely, and had given him a general invitation to dine with her on any night. She was an eccentric old woman, and had, as he knew, rebellious notions upon the subjection of her sex; and he sometimes reproached himself for caring so little for one who thought in some degree with his Olivia. Therefore one day he sent a note to say that he would dine with her, if quite convenient, and requested her to telegraph to his club in case his presence should be superfluous. Having been out shopping all day, Lady M'Whymper did not receive the missive till late in the afternoon, when it was too late to write; and nothing short of life-and-death urgency, or the prospect of losing large moneys, would have induced her to commit the extravagance of a telegram. She therefore ordered an extra cover to be laid, and shrugging her shoulders at the thought of her previously invited guest's objection to meet people, made herself happy in an armchair, and waited for her visitors.

The late Sir Dugald had been a firm upholder of marital authority, as well as a strict Calvinist; and though his lady had been twenty years a widow, she still sometimes shudderingly recalled the terrible joy with which she had seen Sir Dugald's eyes close and her own chains snap. Nevertheless she had been good to him in his life, and mourned him with pity after death. In her the De Wynters had confided, and to her alone was their *incognito* known; and further, as fate would have it, Olivia had promised to dine with her on this very evening, and arrived, all unsuspecting, five minutes before the appointed hour.

"And now, dear cousin," said Olivia, with her little imperial air, as she sank upon an ottoman by the old lady's side, "I must tell you all about our cabman. He is the most charming creature in the world, intelligent, but with a mind which is yet virgin soil; and I am teaching him — Oh dear!"

Lady M'Whymper had listened but indifferently — her thoughts being preoccupied with the hope that any accident short of a broken limb might keep her other relative from his engagement — when the dreadful sound of a carriage stopping at the door, followed by the yet more dreadful announcement of Mr. Forrester, reduced her to a state of temporary idiocy, in which she did not observe the horror and amazement of her guests, and in which she sought some comfort in the reflection that she had saved the telegram money. In her confusion the miserable old woman introduced Olivia by her proper name. "But surely, Livy, you remember Mark Forrester?" she added, by way of making things pleasanter. "You must have met at Northcourt. Or was it Lord Woodman? Northwynd and he were at Oxford together."

Olivia stood at her full height, looking like a princess in her black velvet, diamonds, and rich old lace; her nostrils quivered, and there was a dangerous flash in her eye. Having first levelled a direct, steady, and indignant glance of three seconds' duration at the unfortunate Mark, she made him a ceremonious salutation, and then turned and walked up to a table, where she began examining some prints. The whole thing seemed to flash through her mind at once, — her cousin's treachery, the plot concocted between Northwynd and Forrester, carried on for weeks, and now brought to a crisis in the house of the traitress. Though it was at least five seconds before she recognized her pet cabman — with his clumsy gestures, bad English, and pomatumed hair plastered down over his forehead — in the gentleman before her, severely spotless and neat, with sable coat and snowy shirt, with short, crisp, waved hair innocent of grease, and nicely pointed moustache, with feet in slim, shining boots, so different from the clumsy high-lows in which he was wont to stump heavily up the stairs at Normandy Villa; but the eyes, the square brow, and, above all, the voice, were unmistakable.

The hostess attributed these tokens of indignation on Olivia's part to her anger at meeting a guest, but Mark's apparent dismay she was quite unable to account for. Macbeth's discomfiture at the sight of Banquo's ghost in his own chair was nothing to this. The only parallel Mark could think of was the tender anguish of Tancred when Clorinda's helmet fell off, and he found himself in mortal combat with the lady of his affections.

The dinner was not a success. Dinners of three seldom are; particularly when one of the three assumes the office of a refrigerator, and makes the ice-pail a superfluity. Poor Lady M'Whymper, in her efforts to conciliate Olivia and put the young people on a pleasant footing, only made things worse. All her little artifices for drawing them into conversation merely served to confirm Olivia in her impression that the whole thing was a conspiracy, in which her hostess was arch-plotter, for effecting matrimony between herself and the unworthy Forrester, whose pleading glances and pathetic humility were yet further evidence of the crime.

When the dreary festivity came to an end, and the unfortunate Mark found himself alone with his reflections, Olivia, after some minutes' indignant silence, charged her hostess with her treachery, to the amazement of the innocent old lady, who was completely bewildered by her young friend's references to cabmen with matrimonial designs, and who stoutly maintained that she had quite forgotten the proposed alliance with Mark Forrester. They were still playing wildly at cross-purposes, though Olivia had satisfied herself that Lady M'Whymper was not guilty of complicity with her kinsman's designs, when Mark, instead of seizing, as his hostess devoutly hoped he would, this opportunity for evanishing, reappeared in the drawing-room.

It was an unlucky moment; for Olivia's indignation was then at its hottest, and she was seeking some object upon which to pour out the vials of her wrath. "Cousin," she exclaimed, with a wave of her hand in the culprit's direction, "beware of that man! He is a falsehood! He is a cabman! He creeps into people's houses on false pretences! He gets people to teach him Greek. Does he look as if he needed to learn Greek? His father is a retired gamekeeper, and keeps a few pigs and poultry on a little bit of land of his own. His brother George is a gamekeeper. His brother Alan is a Methodist preacher. His sister Jane milks the cows. Does he look like a milkmaid's brother and a retired gamekeeper's son? Does he look as if he earned his living by cab-driving? Oh, he is a consummate actor! You should see him drinking tea out of a saucer, and hear him talking bad English! Beware of him, for there is no knowing what disguise he may assume next!"

So saying, the indignant Olivia van-

ished through the doorway, which she had been gradually approaching during this speech, and, before her dismayed auditors could recover from the first shock of this denunciation, had caused a cab to be called, and had driven home to fall into Geraldine's arms, burst into tears, and exclaim, "Oh, Geraldine, we are undone! Tricked, deceived, and mocked by that miserable cabman, who is one of Northwynd's own tools!"

"By George!" exclaimed Forrester, after exchanging glances of mutual stupefaction with his hostess for some moments.

"And pray, Mark, what is the meaning of all this?" she exclaimed severely.

"It means that I'm in as lively a scrape as a man need wish for," he returned, with a melancholy air, as he proceeded to unbosom himself of the cab adventure, and all that it had led to.

#### CHAPTER V.

"It was all Maisie's fault!" cried Olivia, during the adjourned discussion upon the faithless cab-driver. "Stupid little thing, to lose her wits and run away from a clumsy, insolent man like that!"

"Oh, Livy, I can't help my fears! my heart beats so when men are rude in the streets, especially at night!"

"Little coward! Why didn't you call a policeman? Miserable pretence of a woman! You had better go back to Northwynd and get married if you want a protector. Pray, what would you do if you were a maidservant, with no knightly blood in your veins, with none of the courage which springs from fifty generations of good feeding, with no sense of *noblesse oblige*, with no education, no high thoughts of woman's destiny, and nothing to lift you above the natural terrors of crushed womanhood? When will you be a woman, and not a baby, that you must go about in the leading-strings of a deceitful cabman?"

"Come, moderate your transports, Livy," cried Geraldine, "and remember that Maisie has neither our stamina nor our inches. Let us have no more of the cabman, for pity's sake. Unless you like to make a ballad on the false fellow, and wind up the whole thing with a good laugh."

"He was not *your* cabman," sighed Olivia, with unintentional pathos; and while she was yet speaking, the hour being about two in the afternoon, the leisure moment after the midday meal enjoyed by the three sisters, there came

a man's springing step upon the stairs, followed by a knock at the parlor-door, and the entrance of the object of all Olivia's anger. The indignant flashes of six bright eyes, and the chill stoniness of three once gracious and friendly faces, formed a by no means encouraging reception.

"And pray, sir," demanded Olivia, after a freezing bow, and without inviting her visitor to be seated, "to what are we indebted for the unexpected honor of this visit? We are not by way of receiving gentlemen at our rooms."

"I came," he replied, displaying a graceful skill in the manipulation of his hat, which contrasted strongly with his performances on the occasion of his first visit, "to offer my best apologies."

"Which are certainly needed," said Geraldine severely.

"On the contrary," said Olivia, "conduct so *abominable* is beyond apology."

"My conduct is not so abominable as you imagine, dear ladies," he replied, with gentle pathos. Then he related the incidents that had led to his assumption of the disguise.

"And so you had no intention of marrying my sister after all?" asked Geraldine, with a shade of disappointment in her voice.

"None whatever."

"Oh!" faltered Olivia, with an obvious absence of the satisfaction that she ought to have felt under the circumstances.

"You should not have concealed your true name," Maisie said. "Pray, why did you accept my sister's offer of learning Greek? It looks dark, Mr. Forrester."

"Pardon me. I gave my name as Mark Forrester; was it my part to correct ladies who chose to pronounce me Forster? I accepted the Greek offer with a view to enriching my experience of character, and before I had seen Miss De Wynter in a full light, or was acquainted with her name."

"This casuistry is pitiful," cried Olivia. "You have not acted the part of a gentleman."

"Quite so: I did the part of cabman instead. You cannot say that it was an unhandsome part."

Geraldine here burst out laughing, and vowed that the *role* was perfect. "We accept your apology," she added, "and we confide the secret of our hidden life to your honor, and request that you will molest us no further."

"Also that you will cease to rob honest cabmen of their bread," fulminated Olivia, suddenly turning upon him.

"Kindly do me the favor of accepting the bread," he returned, laying a bracelet of silver coins, elegantly strung upon interlacing silver chains, before the sisters, who recognized the exact number of coins given him in requital of his services. "Of course I shall respect your *incognito*," he added; "but surely this dismissal is rather hard. As a cabman, I have been so kindly welcomed in these rooms."

"The case is now altered. You are an earl's son," said Olivia, with severe reproach.

"I can't help being an earl's son," he replied, with a melancholy air. "I didn't choose that state of life. I would rather have been Prince of Wales. His is the only rank save one in which a man can neither act, think, or speak as he likes, and in which one really earns his champagne and Havannas. His is the only station in which it is a credit to be jolly."

"No one supposes you to be guilty of your own birth, Mr. Forrester," continued Olivia, with unabated majesty; "but I think you might see that it places a bar to your admission here. There are certain conventions with regard to the association of ladies and gentlemen —"

"Exactly. But Olivia Wynter told me that she despised conventionality, as I do. And I might perhaps hint that it is not usual for unmarried ladies to have young cabmen to tea with them."

"Really, Mr. Forrester," interrupted Geraldine, with heat — for she felt that this was ungrateful as coming from the favored cabman himself — "it must be evident to the densest intelligence that a cabman is in a class so far beneath us as to be in quite a different category."

"Quite so. But then, Miss Wynter has renounced class distinctions. She recognizes a brother in every man she meets, and thinks of his humanity rather than his accidents. Is it possible, Miss Wynter, that your sympathies have only a downward direction, and that the unfortunate minority known as the upper classes has no claim upon your kindness? What a deal of misapplied charity there is in this world, to be sure!"

"And misapplied talent," added Geraldine. "What a pity you are not a barrister, Mr. Forrester! Your clients might commit the cruellest murders with a quiet mind!"

At this moment another step was heard upon the stair, and was succeeded by a gentle knock at the parlor-door, which Maisie opened, disclosing the form of a young lady with a sweet smile and in an

elegant costume, and who appeared to be a stranger to the three sisters.

"What! Mark here?" she exclaimed upon seeing him; and jumping rashly to conclusions, she took it for granted that her brother's intended proposals were already accepted. "And you don't recognize me, Miss De Wynter? Don't you remember my Christmas at Northcourt? and the fun we had? and Mark kissing little Livy under the mistletoe? To think that he should fall in love with her in the disguise of a cabman after all. Dear old Lady M'Whymper told me all about it this morning, and I thought I might venture to call."

"My sister, Lady Jane Forrester," said Mr. Forrester, introducing her.

"What! the milkmaid?" cried Geraldine, laughing.

"Yes; Jane the milkmaid," replied the guest, sinking into the lounging-chair that was offered her. "Oh, it was quite true. I do milk the cows sometimes, and make the butter. Mark never fibs. Dear Miss De Wynter, I appreciate your life, and quite believe in women's disabilities, though I never admit it to men, for fear of being thought bold and unfeminine. But I do hope that you will marry Mark — the poor fellow is so dreadfully in love."

"It happened during the first cup of tea," he explained, looking hard at the ceiling, as if taking that mute object to witness.

"The order of things was apparently reversed," commented Geraldine; "the tea stirred the spoon, instead of the spoon stirring the tea."

Olivia rebuked her sister's levity with a look of considerable majesty, and then turned a withering glance upon the suitor, whose natural misery was tempered by a sense of humor. "This is quite new to us," she observed; "and pray, which of us does Mr. Forrester intend to honor with his hand?"

"Her who showed him the greatest kindness," he replied, promptly. "Dearest Miss Olivia," he added, "my sister has precipitated things. I should never have ventured to put the decisive question so quickly. But it is my firm intention to leave no stone unturned until I have persuaded you to marry me. In fact," he added, "I *will* marry you."

Olivia laughed a defiant little laugh, and motioned to the audacious suitor, who had approached very near to her, while Lady Jane and the other two had withdrawn under pretence of examining a

picture on the easel, to keep his distance. "And do you think," she asked, "that I would marry a mere man?"

"Well," he replied thoughtfully, "you could scarcely marry a woman, could you?"

Olivia bit her lip, perhaps to conceal a smile, and looked out of the window in the narrow recess of which they were standing, while the group devoted to the fine arts were in the other. "Marriage," she said, "does not enter into our scheme of life. It was partly to avoid it that we hid ourselves from the world. I have already told you of my views and aims in life, and you must see that they are quite incompatible with marriage. How could I renounce my freedom? I will never have a master."

"I am your slave."

"I require a slave as little as I do a master. Besides, your tastes and habits are quite different from mine. I have told you how I hate the frivolous social life of a woman in our class. I could never amuse the leisure of an idle man."

"Our tastes may not be so different as you imagine, and habits may be reformed. Dearest Olivia, believe me it was because you are so different from conventional women that I first loved you. It was then that life began for the first time to be a reality to me. I, too, am sick of frivolity and selfish amusement, and wish to be something more than a mere drone. Won't you help me in this? It was something better than Greek that I came to learn on those sweet, quiet Sunday evenings. Don't leave your task incomplete. Dearest Olivia," he added, with earnestness, "I love you so tremendously!"

Olivia had several times changed color during this speech, which, from obvious reasons, was spoken in low tones and very close to the listener's ear. "Pray say no more," she cried, with the expression of a thing brought to bay; "it cannot be. The lines of our lives are cast."

But Mr. Forrester, who was firmly convinced that the way to win a woman is to make resolute love to her, said a great deal more, and brought tears to his listener's eyes. All this time the other three, making more noise than is exactly expected from ladies—in fact, as the landlady's daughter commented from her post of observation at the keyhole, going on regular rampagious—discussed things in general, and finally performed a duet, the voice parts by Maisie and Lady Jane, and the accompaniment by Geraldine. What with the music, the grave discus-

sion in the window, and a slight commotion outside the parlor-door, caused by the rapid flight of the observer of society from the keyhole, the almost simultaneous arrival of Lady M'Whymper was unheard.

"Weel!" said this good lady, entering all smiles and benevolence, "and how does the little comedy end?"

"Very lamely," replied the lover, "since, as Biron said on a similar occasion, 'Jack hath not Jill.'"

"And is love's labor quite lost?" asked Geraldine, in a melancholy tone. "Was all that solid cake eaten and queen's English mangled for nothing?"

"Shall I be a milkmaid, a gamekeeper's daughter, and a cabman's sister for nothing?" continued Lady Jane.

"And shall I renounce mee aversion to marriage, and play the matchmaker for nothing?" added Lady M'Whymper. "I'm glad, Mark, that ye bear it like a philosopher."

"Don't imagine, Lady M, Whymper, that I mean to give up," returned the philosopher stoutly; "I mean to marry her if she can be married." Then it was explained that Mr. Forrester had received permission to improve his acquaintance with the three sisters, on condition that he made no further allusion to marriage until Olivia had taken her degree, and that at the same time he tried to make himself useful to society in some way or other. In the mean time, the De Wynters' *incognito* was to be strictly guarded, and the ex-cabman was only to be admitted to the celestial parlor under the charge of a proper chaperon.

"It is a peety that ye couldn't have made things straighter," observed Lady M'Whymper, who, much as she disliked marriage in the abstract, was too much of a woman not to be disappointed at missing one in the concrete. "Come, lasses, give us a cup of tea. Leddy Jean, poor bit bairn, is just famished, for she ate no lunch for excitement. I'm thinking she would like some of the good solid cake that lay sae heavy on Mark's conscience."

Tea was therefore brewed, and the cabman's own special cake appeared, to the joy of Lady Jane, who maintained that a cabman's appetite was nothing to a milkmaid's.

"I can scarcely forgive Mr. Forrester for telling us that his father was a gamekeeper, and devoted in his old age to cows and pigs," Maisie said, in the course of a general conversation of a revolutionary character.

"If a man who preserves the game of



half two counties is not a gamekeeper, I don't know who is," he returned. "You are forgetting your Carlyle, Miss Maisie. It is also true that my father now leaves his game to Woodman, and Jane will tell you that the affairs of Europe are nothing to him in comparison with the good management of his pigsties and the breed of his shorthorns."

"And the brother preacher — the Radical, Socialist, and Methodist?" continued Olivia.

"I deny the Methodist. The rest are visible any day to the eye of flesh in the vicar of St. Radegunda's."

"Ye suld hear the lad preach!" added Lady M'Whymper, with enthusiasm. And they did so on the following Sunday.

When Lady M'Whymper's sixth cup of tea had vanished, the ex-cabman regretfully rose with the lady guests to take his leave. "What a blank next Sunday will be!" he whispered to Olivia on saying good-bye. "How I shall miss the Greek lesson!"

"And I too," replied Olivia, with her old impetuous air; "for I did like that cabman — as a cabman, I mean."

"And I did love that Greek teacher — as a teacher, of course."

"The comedy will be quite perfect," Geraldine was then saying to Lady Jane; "Jack will have Jill before long, and my sister will have to assert the independence of woman in the domestic circle. How Northwynd will chuckle!"

Lord Northwynd did chuckle three years later, when his long-lost sister returned to the bosom of her family as Mrs. Forrester.

This occurrence was immediately preceded by the passing of Mr. Forrester's celebrated Woman Emancipation Bill, which, as the young reader of this present twentieth century may have forgotten, took place in the year 1886, and is justly reckoned as the culminating glory of the glorious period known in history as the nineteenth century. The majority in favor of this bill was overwhelming: there were but three dissentients. Of these, one was a working-man's candidate, who justly feared that the bill might injure one of the most precious privileges of his order — that of wife-beating. The second was an atheist, who, with the hyper-sensitive conscience peculiar to atheists, feared to vote lest this action should be construed into an acquiescence in Christianity, the only religion which insists on the rights of women. The third was a relic of a now extinct class of poli-

ticians, then known as obstructionists, who dissented merely because this class held it a duty to impede all legislation whatsoever.

"How little," said the fortunate legislator on the eve of the wedding, "how little did I dream that my hansom would procure me such a fair!"

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### FRENCH PRISONS AND CONVICT ESTABLISHMENTS.

##### I.

TEN years ago a commission was appointed to study the French penal system with a view to remedying a number of abuses which had sprung up in the management of prisons and of convict establishments. The labors of the commission were related in a very lengthy and exhaustive report, admirably written, as such works always are in France. The author was an Academician, Count d'Haussonville, who, having skilfully grouped his facts to demonstrate in the most readable way possible the evils of the old system, submitted a long series of suggestions which he confidently hoped would result in making France's prisons and convict establishments superior to those of all other nations. The National Assembly lost no time in adopting the suggestions of the report, and passing them into law; but the consequences by no means fulfilled the expectations of the commissioners. The French penal system seemed all at once to have got into a tangle; and now that the new system has been in operation nearly ten years, one may say that the tangle is worse than ever.

By "tangle" we mean this, that the penalties for the most heinous kinds of offences were found to be so much more lenient than those for crimes of the second category that prisoners sentenced to *reclusion*, which was the second-class punishment, and involved solitary confinement, began to make murderous assaults on their gaolers in order to incur transportation to New Caledonia. Transportation is supposed to be the heavier punishment; but in truth it is incomparably lighter. Parliament grew alarmed at length by the epidemic of crime in the home penitentiaries; and in 1880 an act was passed decreeing that transportation should no longer be inflicted for crimes committed within prison walls. This, however, was only an acknowledgment

of the fact that transportation had altogether failed as a deterrent; and now this anomaly remains, that a burglar convicted of a first offence may get a sentence of eight years' solitary confinement, which will almost kill him, whereas a thrice-convicted burglar will be treated to a sentence of ten years' transportation, which will be no hardship to him at all. If he behaves tolerably well, he will in three or four years get a ticket-of-leave enabling him to establish himself as a free colonist in New Caledonia, and to marry. If he be already married, government will send out his wife and children to him free of expense. So humanitarian a spirit presided over the framing of rules for the penal colony of New Caledonia that many a villanous murderer sent out there under a life sentence found his punishment practically reduced to one of comfortable banishment. The governor was allowed absolute discretion as to the award of ticket-of-leave; and human nature being what it is, one may well suppose that well-connected criminals found it easy to bring such influences to bear upon him as considerably lightened their punishment. At this moment several murderers whose crimes appalled the public—but who escaped the guillotine owing to the squeamishness of juries and of M. Grévy about capital punishment—are pleasantly settled at New Caledonia as free farmers, tradesmen, or artisans. One of them keeps a café; another—a poisoner—has set up as a schoolmaster. One must not presume to say that the governors of New Caledonia—for there have been several during ten years—were wrong to treat these men kindly if they showed themselves penitent; but it is quite certain that the prospect of living with one's wife and family on a free grant of land in a healthy climate is not likely to strike terror into the minds of the criminal classes as being an excessive punishment. The guillotine and solitary confinement have much more effectual terrors; and it is an undeniable fact that since transportation has been rendered so mild crimes of the worst kind, both against person and property, have alarmingly increased.

They have increased so much that M. Gambetta, and a large section of the Republican party, wish to get a law passed by which all criminals convicted for the second time, and no matter what the length of their sentences may be, shall, after the expiration of those sentences, spend the remainder of their lives in New Caledonia. This drastic measure would,

no doubt, relieve Paris of the greater portion of its very large horde of habitual criminals; but it would not affect the question as to the leniency of transportation under the present system as compared with *reclusion*. So long as men are more lightly punished for serious crimes than for those of a less atrocious sort, it is evident that justice is not well armed against malefaction.

In a former article on "French Assizes" we alluded to the vagaries of juries in finding "extenuating circumstances" for prisoners on merely sentimental grounds; and also to the unequal apportionment of penalties by reason of the arbitrary rules which commit certain offenders to be tried before juries, whilst others are sent before the judges of the correctional courts, who sit without juries and scarcely ever acquit because they judge according to the strict letter of the law. We pointed out that a husband who gave an unfaithful wife a severe beating would almost certainly be imprisoned by correctional judges, whereas if he killed his wife outright he would assuredly be acquitted by an assize jury. Such anomalies may be witnessed in a multitude of other cases. The French code divides offences against the common law into *crimes* (felonies) and *délits* (misdemeanors); but this distinction, which was found inconvenient in England, and which has been practically obliterated there since misdemeanants (e.g. the Tichborne claimant) can be sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude as well as felons—this distinction remains an important one in France, where a misdemeanant can only be tried in a correctional court, whose maximum sentence is five years' imprisonment. And the French legal definitions of *felonies* and *misdemeanors* are often most unsatisfactory from the moral point of view.

A man wishing to steal fowls clambers over a garden wall at night, and breaks into a fowl-house. He has a bludgeon or crowbar in his hands, but makes no use of it to inflict bodily hurt on those who capture him. Nevertheless, this man is a felon who has committed a burglary with the *quatre circonstances aggravantes*, i.e. in the night, with *escalade* (climbing over walls), with *effraction* (breaking open a door), and *à main armée* (with a weapon in his hand). He can only be tried at the assizes, and, if convicted on the four counts, must get eight years' *reclusion*, or twenty years' transportation. On the other hand, take a man who by false pre-

tences obtains admission to a house or shop, intending to commit a robbery there. He lays hands on some valuables, and, being surprised in the act, catches up a poker and knocks his detector down, inflicting a serious wound. This man's crime is evidently worse than that of the other who went after the fowls: he is only a misdemeanant, however, for he gained admittance to the house *without violence*, and was unarmed; his catching up the poker, although it may have been a premeditated act inasmuch as he intended from the first to defend himself somehow if caught, was, equally speaking, only an act of *impulse* committed on the spur of the moment and without *malice prepense*. Therefore this man can only be tried by a correctional court, and cannot get more than five years' imprisonment. Again, if a man, wishing to inflict on an enemy some grievous bodily harm, walks into a café, says a few angry words to him, and disfigures him by smashing a decanter upon his face, it is a misdemeanor, extenuated by the apparent absence of premeditation. The man walked into the café unarmed, and in the heat of quarrel picked up the first weapon that came to his hand. It might fairly be alleged that the man knew he should find a decanter in the café, and that his quarrel was purposely entered into; but the law will not take account of this. If, on the contrary, the man entered his enemy's house with a loaded stick in his hand and assaulted his enemy with that stick, he would be a felon who must go to the assizes on a charge of attempted murder. It might be that the man had taken the stick without reflecting that it had a leaden knot; but the *onus* of proving that his intentions were not murderous, and that in fact when he entered the room he did not even purpose to commit a common assault, would rest upon himself. A jury would probably judge his case according to his antecedents, and if it were shown that his past life was not blameless, he might fail to get *extenuating circumstances*, and might receive twenty years' transportation.

These oddities in criminology render it impossible for people to determine what precise degree of infamy attaches to this or that sentence. In a general way the public thinks more badly of a man who is sentenced to *travaux forcés* (transportation) than of one who is merely sent to prison; but there is very little faith current as to the scales of justice being evenly balanced, and Frenchmen as a rule feel very indulgently towards all criminals

except those whose offences are characterized by savage cruelty. What is more, the people are so accustomed to see the government act according to its good pleasure that public opinion exercises no control over the treatment of offenders when they have been put into prison. In England every newspaper reader knows pretty well what is the *régime* of convicts under sentence of penal servitude, and of prisoners in ordinary gaols, and it would surprise the public considerably to hear that such and such a man, owing to his having influential friends, was being treated with exceptional favor. In France such a thing would cause no surprise. Count d'Haussonville's report recommended that prisoners of rank or fortune should be treated exactly like humble culprits; but though this was agreed to in principle, it has been but little carried out in practice. Revolutions and other political changes produce so many misdemeanors in high life, cause so many fraudulent bankruptcies, bring into gaols so many men of high standing who have dabbled in bubble companies, that the stigma of imprisonment is not felt as it is in England. The courts sentence an ex-cabinet minister to imprisonment for swindling, but the very term *escroquerie* is smoothed down in his case into *abus de confiance*, and the authorities connive with prison governors in making the lot of the interesting victim as easy to bear as possible. He is not made to serve out his whole sentence. Sometimes he does not serve out any portion of it. After his sentence he is informed that the public prosecutor will send him a summons to surrender after his appeal has been heard; but the public prosecutor omits to send that summons. He sends a friend instead, who advises the well-connected delinquent to travel for a few months or years, as the case may be, and the public, who know very little of what goes on in the gaols, are none the wiser. Those who know shrug their shoulders. "*C'est tout naturel*," they say, "*il est riche: il a le bras long*."

One may therefore premise that in the treatment of prisoners within French prisons, *maisons centrales* (penitentiaries), and convict establishments, the one thing lacking is uniformity.

## II.

READERS of French law reports will notice that the judges of correctional courts often inflict sentences of *thirteen months* imprisonment. It makes all the

difference to a prisoner whether he gets twelve or thirteen months, for in the former case he may serve out his time in the local house of detention and correction, whereas in the latter event he is consigned to a *maison centrale* or penitentiary. What is more, if, being sentenced to twelve months, he likes to undergo his punishment in cellular confinement, one quarter of it will be remitted, so that in many cases a sentence of twelve months means one of nine only. Prisoners sent to the *maisons centrales* have no option as to the manner in which they shall serve their terms, as they are made to work under the associated silent system.

In Paris there are five prisons for male offenders, one for boys, the Petite Roquette, and one for women, St. Lazare. The chief of the male prisons, La Grande Roquette, is only used as a *dépôt* for convicts under sentence of transportation or *reclusion*; and the prison in the Rue du Cherche-Midi is for soldiers. Mazas is the house of detention for prisoners awaiting trial, but it also contains about eight hundred prisoners undergoing sentences of not more than one year's duration. Ste. Pélagie and La Santé are houses of correction where the associated system mostly prevails, and the latter is at the same time a general infirmary. All convicted prisoners who are diseased, infirm, and who require continual medical attendance, are sent to the Santé.

It rests with the public prosecutor and not with the judges to determine in what prison a delinquent sentenced by the correctional courts shall be confined. Herein favoritism comes largely into play. A prisoner of the lower orders, having no respectable connections, will not get the option of serving his time in solitary confinement, and thereby earning a remittance. If he petitions for this favor, he will be told that there are no cells vacant, and he will be removed to Ste. Pélagie or the Santé, where he will sleep in a dormitory and work in an associated *atelier*. If he be a shoemaker or tailor, he will work at his own trade; if not, he will be employed in making brass chains, cardboard boxes, paper bags, toys or knick-knacks for vendors of those thousand trifles which are comprised under the designation *articles de Paris*. Being paid by the piece, he will have every inducement to work hard. Of his earnings government will retain one-third towards the expenses of his keep; one-third will be put aside and paid to him on his discharge, while the remaining third will be

paid to him in money to enable him to buy little luxuries at the prison canteen. The things purchasable at the canteen are wine at the rate of a pint and a half a day, *café au lait*, chocolate, butter, cheese, ham, sausages, eggs, butter, salad, fruit, tinned meat, biscuits, stationery, tobacco, and snuff. Prisoners are allowed to smoke in Parisian gaols, and a very sensible provision this is, for it prevents that illicit traffic in tobacco which brings so many prisoners and warders to trouble in English prisons, and it also supplies a ready means of punishing a refractory prisoner. Frenchmen decline to admit that order cannot be kept in a gaol without corporal punishment. As a rule French prisoners behave exceedingly well, because they know that they can greatly alleviate the hardships of their position by so doing. For a first offence, a man's tobacco and wine will be cut off for a week; for a second he may be forbidden to purchase anything at the canteen for a month; if he perseveres in his folly he will be prohibited from working, that is, from earning money, and will be locked up in a cell to endure the misery of utter solitude and idleness. If this severe measure fails and the man becomes obstreperous, he will be strait-waistcoated and put into a dark, padded cell where he may scream and kick at the walls to his heart's content. To these rational methods of coercion the most stubborn natures generally yield. It must be confessed, however, that there are certain desperate characters who delight in giving trouble, and who, untamed by repeated punishments, will often commit murderous assaults upon warders, chaplain, or governor out of sheer bravado. It would really be a mercy to flog these men, for a timely infliction of the lash would frighten them into good behavior, and often save them from the worse fate of lifelong reclusion. It has not been found practicable to abolish the lash in convict establishments, and since it continues in use there no sound reason can exist for not introducing it into gaols.

There are no cranks or treadwheels in French prisons. These barbarous methods for wasting the energies of men in unprofitable labor are condemned by the good sense of a people who hold that it is for the public interest as well as for the good of the prisoners themselves that men in confinement should be so employed as to make them understand the blessedness of honest labor. In their treatment of untried prisoners, too, the

French are much more humane than we. What can be more cruel and foolish than to force an untried man, who may be innocent, to spend several months in complete idleness, as is done in England? A Frenchman who has a trade that can be followed in prison may work at it in his cell, pending his trial, as if he were at home. Journeyman tailors, shoemakers, watchmakers, gilders, carvers, painters on porcelain and enamel, etc., continue working for their employers (unless, of course, they are desperate men whom it would be dangerous to trust with tools), and it is a touching sight enough on visiting days to see the prisoners send out little parcels of money for their wives from whom they are separated by gratings. The same sight can be witnessed in the prisons for convicted offenders. Many prisoners will deny themselves every luxury procurable at the canteen in order to give the whole of their earnings to their wives.

Mazas is the favorite prison of Parisians, because the rules are less strict there than in the other places, and because a sojourn there always involves a remission of at least one-fourth, and sometimes one-half, of the sentence. Prisoners of respectable appearance or of good education, and prisoners well connected, can generally induce the authorities to let them undergo their punishment at Mazas. There are no associated rooms here; each prisoner has his own cell, and is supposed to spend his time in solitary confinement. The supposition is correct in most cases, but the better sorts of prisoners are generally favored with some appointment in the prison which allows them to ramble about the place as they like. Some are assistants in the surgery, infirmary, library; others keep the prison accounts; others act as gardeners, clerks in the store-room, interpreters, and letter-writers for illiterate prisoners. All these berths are paid at the rate of sixty centimes to a franc a day, and government levies nothing from it. The pay is given out to berth-holders in its entirety every ten days. Equally well paid are some of the berths held by skilled cooks and mechanics, locksmiths, plumbers, painters, carpenters, stokers, etc.

The convicted prisoners at Mazas have the privilege of wearing their own linen, boots, watches, and neckties; they are not cropped, and may sport their face hair in what style they like. They may also have their own books sent in to them, and may receive money from their friends to the extent of a franc per diem. The

prison dress is a dark pepper-and-salt suit, with no marks or badge of infamy about it; but the governor may at his discretion excuse a prisoner from wearing it. In fact, the governor can do anything. He may allow a prisoner to dress in his own clothes, have his meals brought in from a restaurant, and walk about the prison grounds all day on the pretext that he is employed in prison work. There are no visiting justices to trouble him. Prison inspectors come round every three months, but the time of their arrival is always known beforehand, and they discharge their duties in the most perfunctory way, scarcely occupying a couple of hours in the inspection of a building that contains twelve hundred cells.

### III.

It has been said that any sentence of imprisonment exceeding a year relegates a man to a *maison centrale*. These penitentiaries are very grim places, affording none of the alleviations to be met with in houses of correction. To begin with, the manner of a man's transfer from Paris to a *maison centrale* is most grievous. He goes with a chain fastened round his left leg and right wrist; he is shaved and cropped, attired in a yellow prison suit, and he travels in a cellular railway carriage. At the penitentiary there is no respect of persons, or at least very little. The prisoners are divided into two categories—those sentenced simply to imprisonment and the *réclusionnaires*. The former are treated very much like the inmates of Parisian prisons on the associated system, except that they are not allowed to smoke. They sleep together in dormitories of fifty, and work together at making cardboard boxes, list shoes, lamp-shades, and other such things. Their earnings seldom exceed seventy-five centimes a day, and of this they get one-third to spend inside the prison. In Paris the number of letters which a prisoner may write, and the number of visits he may receive in a year from his friends, are points which depend a good deal on the pleasure of the governor. In the penitentiaries there is a hard and fast line, allowing only one letter and one visit every three months.

The *réclusionnaires* lead very miserable lives of absolute solitude. As men over sixty years of age are not transported, a sentence of penal servitude (*travaux forcés*), which would mean transportation for a man of fifty-nine, becomes *réclusion* for one of sixty. Cripples are also denied



the favor of transportation; and, as already said, prisoners who have committed murderous assaults on warders in hopes of being shipped to New Caledonia are now kept in the *maisons centrales*, under life sentences. The rest of the reclusionary contingent is made up of men whose offences are, from the legal point of view, one degree less heinous than those of transported convicts. *Reclusion* is generally inflicted for terms of five, eight, or ten years; and it is a fearful punishment, because the convict has no means of diminishing it by earning good marks to obtain a ticket-of-leave. Remissions of sentence are granted on no fixed principle. Every year the governor of the prison makes out a list of the most deserving among those of his prisoners who have served out at least half their terms, and he forwards it to the Ministry of Justice. There the *dossier* of each man recommended is carefully studied by the heads of the criminal department, and, two-thirds of the names being eliminated, the remaining third are submitted to the minister of justice. His Excellency makes further elimination, so that, out of a list of twenty sent up by the governor of the penitentiary, probably two convicts obtain a full pardon, while two or three others get a remission. It is obvious that there must be a good deal of haphazard in this method of proceeding, and that a convict who has no friends stands a poor chance of getting his case properly considered by government. But even were the system administered as honestly as possible, there would be a strong objection to it, in that it would make the convict's chance of remission depend more upon his conduct before his sentence than after it. This is just what ought not to be the case. The convict should be made to feel that from the day of his sentence he commences quite a new life, and will be treated for the future according to the conduct he leads under his altered circumstances.

Five years of *reclusion* are quite as much as a man can bear without having his intellectual faculties impaired for life. Men of very excitable temperament, and those who have been accustomed to work out of doors, often fall into a decline after two years' confinement, and die before completing their third year. Those who remain eight or ten years in *reclusion* sink into something like imbecility, and seldom live long after their discharge. Advocates of the cellular system point to Belgium, where there is no transportation, and where every man sentenced to

penal servitude serves his time in solitary confinement; but the Belgian system is much mitigated by the system of marks. To begin with, every Belgian convict has two-fifths of his sentence struck off at once, simply because he is supposed to adopt cellular punishment from choice, though, since the old *bagnes* have been abolished, the option which convicts formerly had no longer exists. In the next place, the Belgian convict knows that by unremitting industry and good conduct he can earn marks enough to reduce the remainder of his sentence by half; and he has thus the most powerful incentive to good behavior and hopefulness. There is no possibility of cheating the man out of the liberty he earns. On entering the prison he gets a balance sheet, upon which he enters a regular debtor and creditor account with the government: so many marks earned represent so many days of liberty won. Thus, a man sentenced to twenty years sees his sentence at once reduced by eight years on account of the cellular system; and it then becomes his own business to reduce the remaining term of twelve years to six. At this rate it will be seen that a Belgian sentence of five years is no very terrible matter, especially when it is remembered that by a merciful provision of the code the time which a convict has spent in prison before his sentence is deducted from the term of that sentence. Therefore, supposing a five-year man had been three months in gaol before sentence, and both worked and behaved extremely well after his conviction, he might be out in fifteen months.

There is a short cut out of French penitentiaries, too; but it is such a dirty one that the authorities ought to be ashamed of themselves for encouraging men to take it. A moderately intelligent *reclusionnaire* who has served half his time, or even less sometimes, may, on his private demand, become a *mouton*, or spy prisoner. He is subjected to certain tests, with a view to ascertaining whether he is sharp, and whether he can be depended upon; and if he successfully passes through these ordeals (to which he is put without being aware of it) he is forwarded to some house of detention, or to the Préfecture de Police in Paris, where he is employed to worm secrets out of prisoners awaiting trial. To do this he must assume all sorts of parts, and sometimes assume disguises; and he carries his life in his hands, for he occasionally has to deal with desperadoes who would show

him no mercy if they suspected his true character. All this unsavory work does not give the man his full liberty; but he may range freely within the prison boundaries. He is well paid, and he is generally allowed to go out on parole for a couple of hours every week. In the end, he gets a year or two struck off his sentence; but after his discharge he generally remains an informal spy and hanger-on of the police, and it need scarcely be said that of all spies he is generally the most rascally and dangerous. It is fellows of his kind who lead men into planning burglaries so as to earn a premium for denouncing them. They are foremost in all street brawls and seditious, playing the part of *agents provocateurs*, and privately noting down the names of victims whom they will get arrested by-and-by. They are, in fact, a detestable race, and it cannot be wondered at that when detected by the *pals* whom they dupe they should be killed like vermin.

## IV.

FRENCH female prisoners and convicts are treated with more kindness, on the whole, than persons of their class are in England. Their matrons and wardresses are Augustine nuns, whose rule, though firm, is gentler, more merciful, and more steadfastly equitable than that of laywomen could be. The female convicts are allowed the same privileges as the men in the matter of earning money and buying things at the canteen. Those of them who are young also enjoy a privilege not granted to female convicts in other countries — that of having husbands provided for them by the State.

Only these husbands must be convicts. Every six months a notice is circulated in the female penitentiaries, calling upon all women who feel minded to go out to New Caledonia and be married, to make an application to that effect through the governor. Elderly women are always very prompt in making such applications; but they are not entertained. The matrimonial candidates must be young, and exempt from physical infirmities. Girls under long sentences readily catch at this method of escaping from the intolerable tedium of prison life; and the pretty ones are certain to be put on the governor's list, no matter how frightful may be the crimes for which they have been sentenced. The only moral qualification requisite is to have passed at least two years in the penitentiary.

The selected candidates have to sign

engagements promising to marry convicts and to settle in New Caledonia for the remainder of their lives. On these conditions, government transports them, gives them a decent outfit, and a ticket-of-leave when they land at Noumea. Their marriages are arranged for them by the governor of the colony, who has a selection of well-behaved convicts ready for them to choose from; and each girl may consult her own fancy within certain limits, for the proportion of marriageable men to women is about three to one. Of course, if a girl declares that none of the aspirant bridegrooms submitted to her inspection have met with her approval, the governor can only shrug his shoulders in the usual French way. It has happened more than once that pretty girls have been wooed by warders, free settlers, or time-expired soldiers and sailors, instead of by convicts. In such cases, the governor can only assent to a marriage on condition that the female convict's free lover shall place himself in the position of a ticket-of-leave man, and undertake never to leave the colony. Love works wonders; and there is no instance on record of a man having refused to comply with these conditions when once he had fallen in love. There are some instances, though, of the authorities having declined to let a female convict marry a free man, when they were not convinced that the latter was a person of firm character and kindly disposition. For the women's own sakes it is necessary that they should not be married to men who would be likely, in some moment of temper, to fling their disreputable antecedents into their teeth. There is nothing of this kind to fear when a female convict gets wedded to a man whose past life has been as bad as her own.

Why the French government should have saddled itself with the responsibility of promoting marriages among convicts it is difficult to say; but the experiment has on the whole yielded very good results. The married couples get huts and free grants of land, and all that they can draw from it by their own labor becomes theirs. During five years they are subjected to the obligation of reporting themselves weekly at the district police office; and they are forbidden to enter public houses, and must not be found out of doors at night. This probationary period being satisfactorily passed, they get their full freedom, but subject always to the condition of remaining in the colony. To this rule the law has distinctly forbid-

den that any exception shall be made. On no account whatever must convicts who have accepted grants of land and contracted "administrative marriages," as they are called, ever return to France. They are at liberty, however, to send their children to France if any respectable person in that country will become answerable for them, and undertake to provide them with a good education. The sons of convicts are born French subjects, and will be required at the age of twenty to draw at the conscription, and serve their appointed terms in the army.

From what precedes it may be inferred that the lot of convicts in New Caledonia is a fairly pleasant one; but we have spoken as yet only of those convicts who have tickets-of-leave, and are more or less free to roam over the whole island. Those who have not earned tickets-of-leave are kept in the penal settlement of the Island of Nou, or are employed on public works, road-making, house-building, etc., in gangs, moving and encamping from place to place during the fine season under military escort. The lot even of these convicts cannot be called a hard one as compared with that of convicts in other countries, and of French convicts under the old system of *bagnes*, or transportation to Cayenne. The climate of Cayenne was so deadly that all the convicts transported there either died or contracted incurable maladies. As for the old *bagnes* of Brest and Toulon, they were very hells, where the convicts were kept chained in couples, and were treated pretty much like wild beasts. The climate of New Caledonia, on the contrary, is delightful, and the soil of the different islands composing the colony is so fertile that corn, fruit, and vegetables grow there in abundance, and can be had very cheap. In 1873 an attempt to cultivate vines was commenced; but hitherto the experiment has not met with full success. It is said, however, that the difficulties which have beset the vine-growers will be overcome in time.

We are aware that the accounts given of New Caledonia by political convicts like MM. Henri Rochefort and Paschal Grousset have been very unfavorable; but the statements of these gentlemen must be accepted with reserve. The National Assembly in 1872 most unwisely decided that the political convicts—thirteen thousand in number—should not be compelled to work; and the consequence was, that, living in idleness, and being anxious to give the authorities as much trouble

as possible, they suffered from the disorder and general squalor which they created. On arriving in the colony they grumbled at finding no huts prepared for their reception; they grumbled at having uncooked rations served out to them, alleging that the governor in obliging them to cook was violating the law which exempted them from work; they grumbled again because they had to find their own fuel in the woods instead of seeing fatigue parties of soldiers told off to pick up sticks for them. All this naturally angered the governor; who, perceiving that the Communists were bent on teasing him, retaliated by visiting all breaches of rules with rigor. M. Henri Rochefort was once sentenced to a week's imprisonment for being absent at the daily calling over of names, and a great hubbub was made over this affair when the news of it reached Paris, for it was asserted, erroneously, that M. Rochefort had only missed answering his name because he was ill in bed with ague. Many Radical writers took this opportunity of declaring that the climate of New Caledonia was pestilential, and that every convict caught the ague on landing. As a matter of fact, M. Rochefort never had a day's illness in the colony; and ague is quite unknown there.

Successive amnesties have relieved New Caledonia of its troublesome political population, and no difficulty is experienced in maintaining order among the ordinary convicts. For some time after their arrival they are detained in the Island of Nou, where they sleep by gangs of twenty in huts; and they wear convict garb, which is as follows—red blouse and green cap, with fustian trousers, for those under life sentences; green blouse and red cap for those whose sentences range between ten and twenty years; green blouse and brown cap for those whose sentences amount to less than ten years. They are not chained in couples; but those who work in gangs at road-making have a chain with a four-pound shot fastened to their left ankles, unless they be men who have earned a good-conduct badge, in which case they work unshackled. Ticket-of-leave convicts of both sexes must, during their probationary terms of five years, wear their pewter good-conduct badges; but they may dress as they like. It should be remarked that the rule forbidding probationers to enter public houses is an excellent one, for it keeps them out of the way of temptation at the most critical point of their careers.

The convicts get paid for all the work

they do; one-half their earnings being handed to them every ten days, whilst the other half is set aside to provide them with a little capital when they get their tickets-of-leave. By good conduct they may also earn prizes in money. A good-conduct stripe brings a franc per month; two stripes, one franc fifty centimes; and a good-conduct badge, which entitles the holder to a ticket-of-leave when he has worn it a year, brings two francs fifty centimes a month during that year. By this judicious system of pay and rewards the men are kept in good subordination, and it is seldom that the severer kinds of punishment have to be inflicted.

These punishments are deprivation of pay, confinement in cells, and for certain serious offences, such as mutiny or striking officers, the lash. Formerly convicts were flogged for attempting to escape, but this was put a stop to by the National Assembly in 1875. Flogging is administered with a rope's end on the bare back, the minimum of lashes being twelve, and the maximum fifty. It is the governor alone who has power to order flogging. The penalty for murder would of course be death; but it is rather a significant fact, worth the attention of those who allege that capital punishment has no deterrent effect, that not a single execution has taken place in the colony. It would seem that even the most desperate criminals manage to exercise self-control when they know that murder will bring them, not before a sentimental squeamish jury, but before a court martial which will have them guillotined within forty-eight hours.

The colony of New Caledonia is under the control of the Ministry of Marine and the Colonies, which generally has an admiral at its head. The Ministry of Justice has nothing to do with it, as the convicts all live under martial law. Tickets-of-leave, however, seem to be given at the discretion of the governor; and it would be strange indeed if out there, as in France, favoritism did not play a large part in the distribution of these rewards. Favoritism is, in fact, the great blemish of the French penal system. It smirches every part of it; it obliterates all laws; it is the occasion of the most crying acts of injustice. How it works in New Caledonia may be judged from the case of a man named Estoret, the manager of a large lunatic asylum at Clermont, who was sentenced to transportation for life in 1880 for the brutal murder of a poor idiot. Estoret happened to be a consummate agriculturist, and his fame in that respect

preceded him to New Caledonia. The governor, being very anxious to develop the resources of his colony, soon found that Estoret would be just the man to help him. He accordingly appointed him chief overseer of farms, leaving him practically free to roam over the whole colony on parole. Estoret was never even put into convict dress, and he was not compelled to wear a badge, for he had had no time to earn one. He was rendered perfectly free almost from the day of his landing, and appears to have done excellent work in his superintendence of the farms. His case shows, however, that the governor possesses the somewhat dangerous prerogative of reducing judicial sentences to nothing. Such a prerogative may no doubt be exercised at times to the great advantage of the colony, but occasionally it must be fraught with serious abuses.

In fairness one should conclude by saying that New Caledonia seems at present to be doing well; and that merchants who trade with it are beginning to speak hopefully of its future as a prosperous colony.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### A DESERTED GARDEN.

AT all times of the year the garden is left solitary and alone. It is quite at the end of a long, lovely country lane that passes it by, leading away to the open heath and the dip in the range of hills that means the sea. No one could tell that the garden was there, for a long row of silent trees keeps guard over it, and seems as if it formed a thick wall expressly to keep out intruders. In the lane, in spring-time, can be seen the most marvellous collection of mosses; and as the tiny brown bubbling stream that crosses and recrosses the road, and makes melody at all times of the year, runs its course, it passes by deep dells carpeted with the fine fern-moss, every tiny frond like a perfect fern, and every morsel of a different shade of color, until finally it seems to be lost in the garden, which it truly enters, but does not there appear above ground. But we find it again in the open heath, where it sparkles mightily among its dark surroundings, and goes on its way, doubtless to join the bigger river below the hills. Just by the garden the brook is obstructed by a moss-grown branch of a tree, so small that any stronger stream would have brushed it

away long ago, but this thread of water is too tiny, and only becomes for a while a miniature whirlpool of froth, in which go round and round wee acorn-cups, pine-needles, or the shiny, stiff beech leaf, that in spring is being reluctantly displaced by the new comer; then the stream itself creeps under the branch, and after a very little way goes into the garden. There is an old gate, green with age, that we come upon in an unexpected corner of the lane; sometimes tall nettles and campions stand in quite a little hedge along the bottom of the gate, like a rank of lank, weedy soldiers guarding the entrance, while here and there a blossom peeps through one of the upright slats of the gate that is only hanging by one rusty hinge; true, the other, at the lower part, is there, but it only holds out a ragged end that catches the raiment of the unwary, or grates with a harsh cry against the gate as we open it, and regardless of the agony we cause several spiders, and of the destruction to the flowers, enter the garden. The latch is gone; a piece of wire twisted together takes its place, and has to be re-twisted round the post before we can go on; and as we pause, as we always do just there, we note the bright sunshine in the lane, filtering through the crooked oak-branches that form a canopy and almost meet, and then look at the contrast of the dense gloom just behind us, where, even in spring and summer, cool damp and dark chilliness replace the warmth and color we find outside. As we linger we can see what used to be carefully-kept gravel paths, now closely dressed in a mossy green slippery robe that moves under our tread; while the beds, that once were gay with a thousand highly cultivated blossoms, are now deep in weeds, and only to be discerned from the grass itself by moss-grown stones that had marked the borders, but that now are rapidly disappearing into the ground. In the winter it is comparatively easy to see where the garden has been originally, and almost to say positively where my lady has walked, pensive at evening, watching the rooks fly home across a lovely sunset sky to the trees below the hills where they have built since time immemorial. We can almost trace her footsteps as she went down past the clipped yews long since gone back to their original shape, yet even now grotesquely displaying an occasional resemblance to the peacocks or strange, mysterious creatures they were once supposed to resemble; towards the big gates, that are entirely

gone, and are only seen by those who from a couple of moss-covered square stones can mentally erect a stately portico crowned by the crest of the family, whose very name now no longer survives. In winter there is very little undergrowth; the tall bracken below the pine-trees on the mound to the left of the garden has died down into a brown, shabby carpet; the lank grasses and lush verdure in the garden itself have vanished; the hedges are no longer entwined with bindweed and hops and the fantastical clematis, but are bare and slender, and allow us to see where the kitchen garden once was, and where the square beds before the manor were long ago filled with rare bulbs from Holland, or with lovely, homely flowers whose presence would now be scouted by a head-gardener who "respected himself," and are only to be found in cottage gardens, or in those belonging to folks who rise superior to the riband-bordering abominations of the present day. In the spring the first signs of life come on the thin, brown willows, here the stir of the sap is first seen, and then they are decked with the soft, gray-velvet palms, that when partly out, and watched at a distance, seem to flush to pink, though there is not a shade of that color upon them when we are close to the trees on which they grow. Then they are golden when ready to give place to the leaf, which comes far too soon generally, and robs us of the palms before we realized their existence. The kitchen garden is a strange medley: there are tumbled-down portions of the wall still left, that evidently formed the stay for stores of plums, and perhaps of peaches; and in the crevices grow tall wall-flowers, a very small yellow or brown blossom on the top of a thin, long stalk, while the glossy, dark-green foliage of the periwinkle climbs all over, and bestows upon us a very occasional gray-blue blossom, as if to show what it could do if only we would allow it a little more light and air. The ivy, a little later, puts out pale green shoots, that in autumn have curious leaves, all lined and patterned with red and yellow; and in one place a white-veined leaf every now and then comes out, to show us where to find that curious ivy that seems to have little feet to climb over everything, and requires no nailing to the wall it honors with its presence. Every crevice of the wall has a moss to fill it up, and red lichens, and yellow ones too, that in spring suddenly acquire with the rest of creation an indescribable access of color, do their best to



dress the place gaily, and make up as far as they can for the loss of all care or all culture that the garden experiences. Gooseberry and currant bushes still abound; an unexpected strawberry leaf marks where the strawberries once doubtless existed in profusion; but though the apple-trees have a very occasional apple still on them, the only fruit besides that we can find is the hard, blue sloe, that takes all taste from the roof of the mouth, or tightens the skin of the lips with its acrid taste, or a red-faced crab, of which it is impossible to think without a shudder. At the bottom of the garden is a hedge that in spring is covered with the white bloom of the blackthorn, and here a thrush regularly builds her nest, while in the arm of a moss-grown apple-tree overhanging it we find the lovely home of the chaffinch so like the tree itself that it requires very practised eyes indeed to see it at all. We doubt whether we should ever have done so, but the birds in the garden are so tame that they are less cautious than those outside, and allow us to see many of their little ways that a less unsophisticated bird would carefully hide from every human being; and we watch the chaffinch feed her babies, or see the sparrows talk to each other in the nasty, snappy manner possessed by all sparrows, or note the distant and haughty way in which thrushes exchange remarks, until we feel if we only had a little more time we might begin to understand all they say to each other, for we are quite convinced they talk, and talk intelligently on all subjects that are found of interest in the bird world.

In all our visits to the garden we have never come upon a single trace of the house, and we can only imagine where it may have stood by the presence of the more elaborately designed arrangement of flower-beds, where sometimes, in autumn especially, we find a rare blossom that we have seen in no other place, and have no name for. We are loth to take other better-instructed folks to our retreat, for fear it may become common, and be no longer the place of refuge from all mankind that it is at present. One is a large, pale, yellow, globe-like flower, transparent and tremulous. It looks like a soap-bubble, so frail and lovely is it; and another is pink, and hangs pensively on a stem that seems too fragile to hold it up properly. However, these are very seldom seen; sometimes the plants come up bearing no flower, and sometimes we are afraid they have gone entirely away;

but last year they were there safe enough, and it remains for this autumn to show us if they are still extant. Here also we find in spring great clumps of wall-flowers, an occasional meagre single hyacinth, its white or pink spikes looking curious indeed among the maze of bluebells that crowd all over, and make the open part of the garden look at times as if a blue cloth were laid there for some fairy gambols, or as if it were in readiness for an *al fresco* party who were about to be entertained thereon; while marvellous tawny polyanthuses and thin red-stained primroses contrast strangely with the pale-yellow blossom of their wilder sisters. There are one or two alleys between beech hedges, where the brown leaf hangs persistently until the new foliage comes in spring, and here there are ever sheltered and warm walks. They all lead in one direction from different starting-points, and through them we reach the brown knoll, surrounded by a ditch and a peat wall, where the fir-trees live, and where we can see all over the heath, and follow the course of the little grey river until it widens out beyond the mouth of the harbor to the open sea itself. Can anxious-eyed maidens or matrons have used this place as a watch-tower, we wonder, long, long before the beech woods were made; from whence they could gaze on the wide expanse before them for lover or husband returning to them from fighting the Danes in yonder marshes, or from hunting with the king along the hills, parting with him at the gate of the great square castle that stands in the gap or "corrie" from which it takes its name? For from thence they could see the long red road, and the high causeway between the meadows, or turning inland could watch the other roads that led from the county town, or, farther away still, from the capital itself. Naturally we cannot tell; but the voice that sighs perpetually through the pine-trees seems essentially the voice of the past, and has a mournful way of interpreting Nature, who seems to confide her secrets to it, secure in her knowledge that no mortal is able to discern the meaning thereof. Is she at rest, and revelling in the golden silence of autumn?—the wind in the pines croons a perfect lullaby. Does she crave for sympathy in winter, when storms rend her, and the rain comes dashing down?—the pines creak and sway and croon as they lean down towards her, as if to show they shared her agony. In spring the song is one of hope; while in summer the aromatic shade is made

vocal by the music that replaces the song of birds, for among a pine wood it is rare to hear anything save the scream of a jay, the coo of a wild pigeon, or the twitter of a bird as it pauses there before pursuing its flight. To hear the songs of thrushes or blackbirds you must return to the garden; there they sing on, undaunted by the gloom and damp and decay, and even a nightingale has been known to build there; and then at late evening the whole lane resounds with the marvellous willowy music. But the saddest and most suggestive corner in the whole garden is a small plot portioned into six square pieces; it is away from where we suppose the house to have been, and is not too near the kitchen garden. On all sides it is surrounded by a thick hedge, and at one end is a gate that has once had a lock on it; while at the other is a tumbled-down summer-house, in the thatched roof of which numberless sparrows build unchecked, while under the eaves a house-marten last summer made a residence, and successfully reared a large and promising brood. Can we not see this was the children's corner? Surely this plot rather larger and at the head of the rest belonged to some elder sister, who may have sat here working her sampler, and keeping one eye on her own property and the other on the conduct of the little ones, who were doubtless toiling away at their gardens, digging, perchance, up more flowers than weeds.

Absurd as it may seem, and waste of time as it doubtless is — for very likely the flowers we notice may have been planted by him or her who owns the garden now, and may have never been seen by our hypothetical maiden — we cannot help thinking as we sit here that she must have been a gentle, patient child; most like a blue-eyed creature, with soft, brown hair and pleasing expression of countenance, for we find at different times the bell-like lily of the valley, the homely hen and chicken daisy, clumps of lavender, and many old-fashioned flowers whose names we have quite forgotten. Then in one corner is a myrtle, that sometimes flowers, for here it is warm and very sheltered, and by the summer-house it gets the sun; and we cannot help believing that she planted it for her bridal wreath, and we wish her happiness — ay, almost while we laugh at our own folly. Next to her we find the Scotch briar rose, with its yellow buttons blossoming out freely; or find red and white strong-scented, prickly creatures, scattering their leaves

generously at every breeze that blows; and we think of the owner of this plot as a child of strong character, well able to work her way through the world that existed outside the garden, and so do not trouble about her at all. Another had an undecided owner, evidently. Here is a big old gooseberry bush, gnarled and venerable, and taking up a great deal too much room; while wild parsley smotheres the one or two blossoming plants that still come up by fits and starts, and a curious bean-like climber twines all over what was once a handsome standard-rose. And so going on through the six, we like to fancy all sorts of different children owning the garden; and we must confess to a thrill of rapture when in the summer-house we came upon some roughly-cut initials and six different notches by one of the windows, that at once represented to us the divers heights of those whose kingdom this once was. Alas! no date was appended, only the mere dents and cuts that made the letters; and we could only feel our children a little more real, even while we had to confess they were no more tangible than they had been before our discovery. Away from the children's corner there is a deep, silent pool, sometimes covered with duckweed, and then later on fringed with tall grasses and rushes, that lean down and look into it, as if they tried in vain to discern its secret. There is never a ripple on its surface, and it always appears to us as if all the long past history of the garden had been confided to its keeping; and, that being so, it would never betray its trust. Surely many a tempest-tossed soul has gazed into the water, and found help and peace in contemplating the intense quiet and unruffled face of the pool. And, indeed, the whole garden is a storehouse of fancies and unwritten stories legible enough to those who know it well, and often wander therein. It is entirely out of the world, and so peaceful and restful that it is like an unsuspected church in a silent corner in London, into which you may enter from the hot, noisy, summer streets, and at once be in an atmosphere scented, cool, and prayerful; in which you may rest a while, neither praying nor even thinking, yet inexpressibly refreshed by the few moments' retreat from the noise and glare of the city. And though the lane which represents the city to us is neither noisy nor hot, it is yet outside the garden and open to intruders, who in winter come for the holme, or holly, from which it takes its name; or in spring and

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early summer for the golden scented cow-slip that springs ever freely in a broad, bright field, beyond which lie three or four un-named tombstones, discovered long ago, when the little church was built that crowns the lane. Perhaps some of our six children sleep there unmovingly through all the lapse of years: perhaps the elder sister, whose bridal wreath may after all have been woven for her marriage with death alone, there found balm for her broken heart! But it is all speculation. Nothing lasts, save the immortal range of hills beyond the garden, that are now as when the garden was in its prime; and as we stand at the gate, and try to avoid the rusted hinge that always stays us while we retwist the wire fastening, and prepare to plunge into the world again, we seem to part with a multitude of ghosts, who doubtless, when the moon rises high in the sky, walk hand in hand in the garden, and talk mournfully together of the days when they and it were in their prime.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### THE CRIMES OF COLONIZATION.

"In the name of God, the Clement, the Merciful," began a curious document recently produced before an Indian magistrate, "let Hafiz Saheb, who is the possessor of virtue and good qualities," purchase at the slave market of Mecca two young negresses who, for the satisfaction of "the exalted Sirkar," must be "young, comely, and cheap." These slave girls were purchased at Mecca and imported into Bombay, and the law courts of the latter city are engaged in meting out a righteous punishment to those engaged in this nefarious traffic. The lofty invocation which prefaced the letter does not contrast more rudely with the instructions to the slave-dealer than do the practices indulged in by Englishmen in dealing with the weaker races with our ostentatious professions of morality and religion. It is an old story, and a hideous one. But from time to time it must be retold, if only that, while our ears are filled with mellifluous phrases about our humanity, fraternity, and civilization, we may not entirely forget that to multitudes of men we are only known as the pitiless exponents of a system of murder, greed, and lust.

These are hard words, but who can say they are undeserved? Not assuredly any

of those who have read the accounts given by recent travellers in the southern seas of the state of things in Polynesia, or the still more terrible narratives of those who describe the slavery which has been established in Queensland, or the war of extermination which is being waged in northern Australia. Mr. John Wisker, of Melbourne, contributes to the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* an account of the doings of Englishmen under the Southern Cross which would be pronounced incredible but for the confirmation supplied by other independent witnesses. M. Rochefort is forever sneering at the nation which scatters tracts over the universe, and at the same time mercilessly exterminates the aborigines at the antipodes; and for once M. Rochefort's sarcasm is barbed with truth. It is in northern Queensland and Cape York that this process of colonization by massacre is to be seen at its best or worst. The "pioneers of civilization," gold-diggers and adventurers, with a liberal leaven of the scoundrelism of two worlds, have been waging for years past an intermittent war with the black fellows, who it seems are stronger, braver, and more independent than the degenerate specimens of humanity who are being crowded out of existence in Victoria and in New South Wales. As the pioneers took no women with them they supplied themselves with the wives of the aborigines. Human nature being the same all the world over, a fierce war of reprisals began, and is kept up to this hour. Every native trouble is said to be traceable to the same fatal cause. The black robbed of his wife slays the first white who crosses his path. The colonists combine and massacre all the black fellows within range of their rifles. And so it goes on. Even when there is no blood feud, pot-shots are taken at "niggers" as if they were wild ducks, and their women are regarded as the common property of the first comer. Children are born of these lawless unions, but none survive. Whether their parents kill them or the hybrid lacks stamina to face the climate remains a mystery. Every year the black man is hunted farther and farther back from the lands which are coveted by the white, and in northern Queensland ere long it will be as it is now in New South Wales, where, with a territory as large as France and England combined, seven hundred and fifty thousand colonists protest they can find no room in which to locate the miserable, dwindling remnant of the orig-

inal owners of the soil. The colonists, however, do not do all the murders themselves. They massacre by deputy. Under the guise of a police force they have armed a body of blacks as savage and more drunken than their naked brethren, and these they periodically lead forth to massacre gatherings of the tribes.

The story which Mr. Wisker has to tell of the state of things on the cane plantations of southern Queensland is not less horrible. On the strength of official documents he maintains that in many cases the imported Polynesians are actually worse off than slaves. The labor traffic, despite all attempts at regulation, is, in his opinion, little better than an organized slave trade. On paper the regulations seem to be satisfactory. In practice they are too often nugatory. The law provides that the native shall only be engaged for three years, at the rate of six pounds a year, besides food, lodging, and clothes. The native is paid his eighteen pounds at the end of his term of service, and is then returned to his island. If he dies before the three years expire, his master saves both his wages and the expense of sending him home. The economic problem, therefore, which confronts every cane-grower is, first, how to extract from his laborer the maximum amount of labor on a minimum quantity of food; and, secondly, how to arrange for his death as near as possible to the close of his three years' service. A skilful cane-grower who can use up his laborers in two years and eleven months is £17 10s. in pocket. A clumsy hand who works his man to death in two years only gains £12. Thus a system ingeniously devised so as to combine all the worst features of slavery and of freedom has been established under our eyes, and no one seems to care. It is slavery plus murder. The employer is allowed to pocket his workman's wages on condition that he kills him off before the end of three years. The result is that in Queensland the death rate of Polynesians between the age of sixteen and thirty-two varies from eighty to one hundred per thousand. In England the death rate is only nine. The fact is vouched for by government inspectors and police magistrates. We have spent millions in emancipating slaves and in crusading against the slave trade. Surely we are not going to allow without even a protest the gradual conversion of this great colony into a slave state.

Into Mr. Wisker's exposure of the ori-

gin of most of the troubles in the Pacific we shall not enter now. For them we are not so directly and exclusively responsible. The rascaldom of many countries is engaged in the work of demoralizing, of plundering, and of murdering the unfortunate islanders. To adequately police the southern seas a kind of European concert is required, for international complications might arise if we were to string up to the yard-arm every scoundrel of a beach-comber whose lust and avarice convert a paradise into a pandemonium. At present we shell villagers who have visited blind vengeance upon their white-skinned enemies, and only make bad worse. But, leaving the Polynesian question on one side for the moment, what is to be done in Queensland? It is a difficult problem, no doubt; but ought it, therefore, to be left to solve itself? If so, the history of the aboriginal races will be told in two words — extermination and slavery. That to the Kanaka and the Australian is the practical meaning of Christianity and civilization.

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From The Saturday Review.  
ALEXANDRIA.

FEW cities of the world have undergone greater vicissitudes than the scene of our latest naval exploit. It is not many years since Alexandria was a village, existing by fishing and the sponge trade, cut off from the interior by arid sands and fetid marshes, almost waterless, and shrunk into a narrow corner among the ruins of Greek magnificence. So completely had Iskanderieh forgotten its ancient glories, that it has even been found impossible to identify the ancient sites of the famous buildings it once contained. The Serapeum has perished as completely as the tomb of Alexander; and within a few years the only two remnants of Egyptian art which remained to show that the town was not altogether modern have disappeared. The traveller may search Alexandria from one end to the other without discovering anything older than the pillar which a Roman prefect erected on the neighboring hill in honor of Diocletian. True, there are, or were, older objects in existence; here and there the whole inner court of a house is supported on syenite columns from some splendid temple; here and there a mosque or a church has capitals, or pavements, or lintels which denote the ruin of some

great edifice. But these remains are not easily found, and are only revealed when some street alteration reveals the interior anatomy of a falling house. The only spot identified with any certainty is the Kom el Dik, a hillock on whose summit is, or was, the reservoir of the waterworks. This, it is tolerably plain, answers to the Paneum, from which, as ancient travellers have recorded, a view may be obtained over the whole city. No two modern writers agree as to where the Soma was, or the museum, or the library, or the palace of Queen Cleopatra. This is the more strange as few cities have their geographical features more strongly marked. But the ancient Alexandria extended much further to the east and west along the shore, and to the south-east into what is now almost a desert, while the modern city covers very little besides the site of the ancient Heptastadium. The European quarter is larger, if not more populous, than the Arab quarter; and before the recent exodus and the bombardment the city must have boasted of a quarter of a million of inhabitants, of whom very little more than half can have been native Moslems. European trade gave employment to most of them. They are, or were, turbulent, noisy, grasping, and dirty, but well affected to the Franks, and especially to the English, to whom, as they well knew, they owed their livelihood. Except from a soldier, the traveller seldom had any cause to complain of incivility in Alexandria; and, except in the Greek quarter, it was perfectly safe for a stranger to walk through any part of the town by day or night, alone and unarmed.

Alexandria could not in any sense be called a beautiful city. It does not contain a single handsome building. And, though the streets are wide, the houses, even in the central square, are irregular without picturesqueness. The view from the sea cannot be described, if we may repeat the standing joke on board a passenger steamer, for the simple reason that there is no view from the sea, and you are actually in the harbor before you feel certain that Alexandria is in sight. A number of windmills on the low sand-hills between the city and the marshy expanse of Lake Mareotis, and nearer the sea a number of factory chimneys, first come in sight. Then among the chimneys and windmills you are persuaded that Pompey's Pillar is visible. As you approach nearer, the low mounds of yellow or white sand take the likeness of fortifications; and as you enter the outer harbor, the

palace of Meks, a domed ruin, without so much as a blade of grass near it, gives you the first impression of modern Egypt. As the inner harbor is reached, the palace of Ras el Tin — Fig Cape, where no figs grow — is on the left, and presents some pleasing features in verandahs and balconies. This is the western extremity of the former island of Pharos. On its eastern extremity is the lighthouse, and from the deck of a steamer it is easy to see that the island is now a peninsula, and that on the connecting isthmus, the ancient Heptastadium, an artificial causeway, now widened out, the modern city is placed. The houses separate the two harbors, both of which still exist, but the western only, with its breakwater and piers, is now used. The harbor, indeed, good as it is, might be immensely improved; but the jealousy of rulers like Araby has constantly prevented the opening of better entrances than the Boghaz Pass, of which we have heard so much lately. The depth of water over the bar is so slight that when a high sea washes over it the passage is dangerous even to small vessels, which often touch the ground at almost the deepest part of the channel. The best view of Alexandria is from the eastern coast a few miles out, whence it is seen, perhaps against a sunset sky, with pinnacles and domes jutting out into the blue Mediterranean, the long low line of buildings terminating in the lofty horn of the Pharos. From Ramleh, indeed, the English quarter, which spreads at intervals along a line of low cliffs for five miles or more, the traveller obtained far too favorable an impression of the place. A few minutes' walk in the interior showed him sights and made him smell smells that soon dissipated it. As you proceeded along the square of Mohamet Ali, with his equestrian statue in the centre, and a kiosk where a band never played, you passed coffee-houses, haberdashers, English book-shops, exchanges, hotels, and in front of them blue-veiled women with naked brown children astride on their shoulders, negro soldiers in white canvas uniforms, every one marching to his own step, yellow, mangy dogs creeping miserably along the gutter, water-carriers with great leather sacks on their backs, green-turbaned sheykhs cantering past on fat white donkeys, and elegant English carriages filled with well-dressed ladies, and driven by coachmen in top-boots.

The native population of Alexandria will have cause for many a year to come to deplore their submission to Araby.



There was no local industry except that of attending on Europeans. For them the little market gardens along the Mahmoudieh Canal existed. For them an army of carriage-drivers and runners, of boatmen and porters, of shoeblacks and shopsweepers, plied their various callings. There is no tongue nor language known to articulate-speaking men of which in Alexandria some dragoman would not have a smattering. A little boy whose business consisted in constantly pursuing an unhappy ass would give you words in six languages. A recent traveller heard such a boy call a very dirty-looking sow porco, schwein, cochon, khanseer, and other names, ending with what he thought the English form—namely, beeg. All these industries are now checked. There is no agriculture, no native trade, nothing, in short, for the Arab in Alexandria to do when his only employers are withdrawn. And it is a question whether they will return and when. Meanwhile he must live, or if that is not evident, must die. The town has been emptied. The desertion of the European quarter must be followed by that of the Arab quarter. Of course, those who talk of Egypt for the Egyptians will rejoice at the depopulation of Alexandria, but the world in general can hardly be expected to share their views. It is no secret that for a long time past Alexandria has been at a standstill. The Alexandrians have long, and justly, dreaded Port Said as a rival destined eventually to outstrip them altogether. It is asserted, on good authority, that a railway along the northern shore of the Delta from Alexandria past Aboukir, Rosetta, and Damietta has only been completed for a certain distance, and has not been allowed to approach Port Said. Jealousy like this may avail for a time, but cannot succeed in the long run, and a catastrophe such as that which Araby has brought upon Alexandria means ruin to a town which has been supported in any degree artificially. The completion of the railway, either from Ismailia, on the canal, or from Alexandria, along the coast, will transfer the seat of commerce to Port Said, which already, without any means of communicating with the interior except along the Suez Canal by steamboat, has attracted an enormous trade. In situation there is

little to choose between the two. Alexandria being on an old site, and having an ancient Arab town in its very heart, is less healthy than Port Said. Its outlets are much the same. Ramleh, which has always been a hotbed of fever, though high and dry, will yield to the ranges of hills surrounding the Bitter Lakes. Morning trains will convey the banker and his clerk to Port Said from their villas at Kantara or El Gisir, as lately they conveyed them to Alexandria from Sidi Gaber or Bulkeley. There were no fine houses at Alexandria to regret, no palaces or guildhalls. Everything, except the English church, was of the most flimsy character; the noise of the bombardment will by itself have shaken down some of the most imposing structures in the city. Alexandria had not the power of attaching her children. People who have been once in Cairo long to see it again, and dwell with pleasure on recollections of sunsets seen from the citadel, or of the sound of the blind men calling the faithful to prayer, or of the verdure of the ride to Heliopolis; but they have no such feeling towards Alexandria. It is, or was, a place to get money in, and leave as soon as possible; a place which every inhabitant qualified as dreary, cold, and wet in winter, hot and dusty in summer, unwholesome at all times, ugly to look at, bad to smell. There was but one outlet—Ramleh, always Ramleh; and that sandy oasis, where so many of our countrymen and countrywomen have lived and died, is one of the most desolate places imaginable, without shade, without roads, except the railroad, and without any place beyond to which you could go for variety, or a change from the dull monotony of sand and sea. If Alexandria ever recovers, she must exert herself to attract trade. The harbor entrance must be deepened. The custom-house must be rebuilt, or built, for it is a mere heap of hovels. A good hotel must be established. Some attempt at drainage must be made. In short, like a man recovering from a dangerous illness, Alexandria must undertake to reform itself, to live cleanly, to facilitate locomotion, to exchange its do-nothing Turkish governor for a corporation formed from among the ratepayers, who may be not only able, but willing, to improve their port and city.